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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return f unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

POETRY AND SCIENCE

R. NOYES will earn a great deal of gratitude because he has given up several years of his life to write an epic of science. Now in the long ago epic poetry was concerned exclusively with the great fighting heroes—Odysseus, son of Laertes, Achilles and Ajax among the Greeks, Hector among the Trojans and in later years with the great figures of chivalry-Roland the Brave and Olivier and every paladin and peer. Even at the end of chivalry Cervantes wrote what was essentially an epic about its decay. The great knight, Don Quixote, Rosinante his horse, the rustic maiden whom he took for a princess, the still more rustic squire whom he made governor of a province—these under his tenderly laughing touch became figures of romance. The movement did not end with the knight errant. Nearly all romantic novels, "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," "The Three Musketeers," all the crowded jolly company of the cloak and rapier school, belong to the poetry of fighting. Schools and orders pass away, but the heroic fighting man remains with us yet, and ever will remain. Mr. Noyes is not trying to oust him from his place. His aim is not destructive but creative. These other heroes were of the mind, not of but creative. the sword. He is particularly concerned with using the torch as a symbol of the order, the torch that when it fell from one hand was taken up by another and carried the truth of its illumination through the centuries. Quite a different epic could be made, akin to it, by choosing out in each age those heroes who were content to suffer death and torture for their religious opinions. In courage and constancy and faith they were excelled by none.

Mr. Noyes' scheme deserves welcome from far more than one point of view. Science in our day has come to bear very considerable resemblance to an ancient mystery in which jargon was used not to reveal thought but to conceal it. To the layman scientific language is much less intelli-gible to-day than it was in the Victorian era. Men like Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley and Herbert Spencer expressed themselves intelligibly. They seemed to avoid technical themselves intelligibly. They seemed to avoid technical terms wherever simple English could express their meaning, an act of grace for which the ordinary reader was duly grateful. We do not know that the scientific men are really responsible for the loss of this power to treat scientific themes in simple and clear language. It has to be remembered that modern science is a late growth. Take anthropology as an example. Almost up to times within living memory the signs and remnants that primitive man left behind him were regarded as meaningless. Freedom of thought was dominated and controlled by religious teaching. It seemed incredible to those who accepted the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, not as a divine fable, but as literal history, that evidence could be forthcoming that in days long anterior to theirs men and women of very considerable culture lived on the earth, that they drew most exact pictures of animals on the walls of the caves where they harboured, that they carved stonework and did hundreds of things as cleverly as anybody could do them

Mr. Noyes in his book, The Torch-Bearers, is mainly concerned with the heroes of astronomy, and his most pathetic passages are those showing how the Church resisted all attempts at enlightenment. The first hero in his book is Copernicus. He is shown on his deathbed, waiting for the book that was to be ready by nightfall, the night that, for him, was the cover of all things. friends hesitated to show it to him because the authorities had obliged them to put in a preface saying that it was all fable or, as the orientalists say, illusion. The scene is dramatic. Above are the priests administering the viaticum to the dying man, and they hold the book back, thinking that the old man in his agony will forget it. does he ever see the torch that was, metaphorically, falling from his hand to be taken up by another. He cannot see when that is done he can say his nunc dimittis in peace. The next to come is Tycho Braha the but asks, "Let me feel the lettering on the cover," next to come is Tycho Brahe, the famous Dane, who built the great observatory, Uraniborg, on the Island of Wheen. Kepler, Galileo, Newton and the two Herschels follow. The greatest of all men of science, if we except Darwin, was Newton. In all of them he is successful in reviving an interest that never can wholly die. It is not our function here to criticise the book or go into any detail regarding it. Our purpose will be served if it has been shown that science can be made of the most fascinating interest to all. It cannot be said that it has revealed all the mysteries of our existence, or even so far been able to draw attention to them, but it has solved many and is the entrance gate to that knowledge which every enlightened intellect places firstthe knowledge of the future. We may expect that M. Noyes, having set so excellent an example, others will follow in his footsteps. He has entered a world which is inexhaustible as regards its romance, and there, if anywhere, will the men of imagination find the material to please the the fancy and stir the curiosity of readers.

Our Frontispiece

M ISS YSEULT NOBLE, whose portrait is reproduced on the first page of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE, is the daughter of Mr. Philip Noble, High Sheriff of Northumberland. Miss Noble's marriage to Mr. Wilfred Cochrane is to take place in April.

^{*} Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.

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COUNTRY ·NOTES·

N many quarters a lament over the failure of agriculture is being raised. Lord Bledisloe thinks that the circumstances are leading to the formation of a definitely agrarian party such as that which exists in most Continental countries. This party would subordinate all political issues to that of the fair treatment of agriculture, and would use its solid vote in Parliament to enforce its sectional political claims. The beginning of this movement he finds in the arrangements now being made by agricultural organisations to subject every candidate for a rural constituency to a severe catechism. The latter condition deserves to meet with general approval. A man who seeks to represent a rural constituency should understand the needs of his constituents. At present he very often does not. Many of the candidates who go down to the country are mere carpet-baggers who do not know anything about agriculture, and when they are returned to Parliament take no living or real interest in discussions relating thereto. It would, however, be a great misfortune if another party were formed in the House of Commons which thought politically only in terms of its own organisation. After all, the good of the country as a whole ought to be the first consideration of every Member of Parliament.

OTHER complaints that have been made can be got over by an extension of the system of co-operation. milk industry is a case in point. It is not too much to say that modern dairy work has succeeded only where co-operation has been organised. It makes all the difference in the world when the dairy farmer can send his produce to a creamery from which he can draw its approximate value at once and have a complete settling up every month or other period agreed upon. The co-operative society again could manage the disposal of the milk more effectively than the individual farmer. Moreover, the farmers would have every inducement to become members, that is to say, shareholders in the co-operative society and thus obtain two distinct advantages. The argument applies equally well to machinery. In the hands of a co-operative society, it can always be hired, and the farmer would then have no reason to complain that expensive machinery had to be kept doing nothing for several months of the year in order that it might be available at the appropriate season. This reorganisation of agriculture does not really call for Government interference at all. It will only be effectively done when it is taken in hand by the farmers themselves.

M.R. ALFRED BIGLAND, M.P., meets the case for Empire migration by the figures as much as by the argument to which he has drawn attention in the *Times*. The density of population in the United Kingdom is

394 to the square mile. Taking an average of the rest of the Empire it is six persons per square mile. Nothing could give a more striking idea of the possibility of closer settlement in the Overseas Dominions. It is true that the British Empire stands third in the world in regard to density of population, Belgium being the most closely inhabited of all, the Netherlands second, Great Britain and Ireland third, India fourth, Germany fifth, while Austria, France, Denmark, Portugal, Rumania, Bulgaria, Russia in Europe, and Sweden might be put into the class of "also ran." It would be of very great interest to obtain similar figures in regard to people other than white. A Japanese writer, Umeshiro Suzuki, M.P., in a pamphlet which takes up no unfriendly attitude to the British Empire, claims that the coloured nations form two-thirds of the population of the globe, numbering 1,100,000,000. Unless the white man fulfils his destiny and fully occupies the land he calls his own, there must come a time when the coloured races will surge over it in uncontrollable numbers.

WHAT is a very lugubrious story is told in "The Markets in Brief," a half column in "The Agricultural Market Report," sent by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. To abbreviate these brevities: Fat stock maintain about recent values. This is put at the top apparently because it is the only report with a tinge of optimism. Then the list goes rattling on: Trade for store cattle is very dull; dairy cows sell at much lower rates than a few weeks ago; home-killed meat is inclined to be cheaper; imported meat is a slow trade at about late rates; prices for all descriptions of corn are lower; a further reduction in quotations for milling offals; oilcakes are easier in value; supplies of milk are plentiful and no enquiry for accommodation milk; British butter is cheaper; cheese sells at lower rates; eggs continue to fall in value; prices for potatoes are maintained with difficulty, and hay and straw are dull. This list derives additional zest from the fact that housekeepers are complaining that prices recently have shown a well marked tendency to rise. As usual, the producer and the consumer suffer in order that the middleman may take a greater share of the profits.

ROMANCE.

The soul, a secret princess, lives enchanted,
Shut in her silent towers,
Behind locked doors, forgotten and unwanted,
And yet her life is ours.

Our life is hers, yet passion, love, nor duty
Have seen her face to face:
We do not know—nor you, nor I—her beauty,
Her frailty or her grace.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

THE United States has shown a commendable promptitude in setting about the work of saving in the national finances. It is true she can do so without incurring the danger that has to be run in Europe. She has the broad Atlantic between her and the well-armed, fiery little states which have come into being since the end of the war. It is expected that it will be possible to knock off forty millions a year from the Navy estimates, and, in addition, there will be a reduction of forty thousand men. The Army is being dealt with just as stringently. A cut of twenty-six thousand men and a saving of twenty-four million pounds are contemplated. The United States can do all this without taking a great deal of risk. The difference in this country is that we have to do something similar and chance the risk. We lie, as it were, between the devil and the deep sea. War threatens if we suffer our defences to be inadequate and bankruptcy comes on the scene if we maintain the Navy and Army in a condition to defy assault.

THE EARL OF DUCIE'S return to England is a curious romance. Sixty years ago he left our shores to go sheep-farming in Australia, where he has made good in a very striking manner. His brother, Lord Ducie, died about

a year ago, a nonagenarian, who for the greater part of his long life was an honoured and commanding figure in Gloucestershire. The present Earl is his brother and successor. He returns in great vigour in spite of his sixty-six years of exile and has avowed his determination to enjoy the pleasures of his native country for the remainder of his life. Let us all hope that he will beat the record made by his brother!

BOTH University crews have been rowing some fast trials and have thereby heightened the public interest, which will culminate on April 1st. Cambridge are probably still the favourites, for they have a great asset in Hartley, a very fine stroke and the victorious stroke of last year, but Oxford are undoubtedly a good crew and there is probably very little in it. Among University men the Rugby match has probably ousted the Boat Race from its old pride of place. A famous old Blue—and not a football Blue—said to the writer the other day: "There is one match a year in which I don't care how we win as long as we do win, and that is the Rugger match." But to the general public, that decks itself in dark or light blue on no clearly ascertained principles, the Boat Race remains pre-eminent. No other University athlete enjoys the same amount of openmouthed hero-worship as does the oarsman during his period of training. In this there is a certain poetic justice, for whereas the cricketer can continue for years to be a hero in full practice, the oarsman has only a very little hour in which to strut. After he has gone down, save in few cases, he can only wear the Leander colours and criticise.

THE American lawn tennis authorities have, it appears, officially adopted the principle of "seeding" the draw in open tournaments. That is to say, the names of the best players will be deliberately divided and assigned in equal numbers to the different quarters of the draw. object is, of course, to prevent fortune gathering all the "stars," as America would call them, into one quarter, which thereupon becomes a cock-pit of champions, while in another quarter an inferior player has an easy time of it. It is generally believed that such a system has sometimes been adopted "under the rose" in holiday tournaments in this country, where the organisers naturally wish to provide exciting final rounds for the spectators, and if the thing is to be done at all no doubt it is better it should be done openly and above board. Nevertheless, there is something unpleasing in deliberate "cooking." Moreover, the Moreover, the authorities arrogate a good deal to themselves who lay it down as a fact that certain people are the best players. Reputation is not everything, and there is some "glorious uncertainty" even in lawn tennis. We are disposed to hope that in this country the order in which the names come out of the hat will still be allowed its full effect.

WAS it not Morland who painted a charming little scene of soldiers, children and young nursemaids refreshing themselves at a cottage in St. James's Park? Either he or Rowlandson. Anyhow, the lineal descendant of this cottage is now being demolished under the Guard's Memorial improvements to the Horseguards. Mrs. Orford, the proprietress, whose ancestors were refreshing children and young couples in St. James's Park when James I was still alive, milked her last cow here in 1905. The Office of Works are erecting a refreshment pavilion in the park, which will be put up to tender. Mrs. Orford is willing to pay any fair rental, but admits that, if some great catering firm choose to make a fancy offer, for the sake of the advertisement, she could not hope to outbid them. The Office of Works hesitate before cutting down a tree three hundred years old—as a relic of the past. Surely they should look upon this living tree that has for so long dispensed its kindly fruits of milk and honey, with other than purely commercial eyes.

SPEAKING of the Office of Works, we gave prominence some weeks ago to an appeal by Sir Lionel Earle for contributions of undergrowth to be planted in the London Parks as bird shelters. But the result has been only a truck-load of the bushes, specified in the appeal, from Captain Pretyman, and a gorse bush. We would,

therefore, remind landowners of the good turn they would be doing their London cousins by sending plants of such things as blackthorn, hawthorn, bramble, raspberry, gooseberry, osiers, willow, yew, dog rose and the like. Meanwhile, in Richmond Park, artificial islands in the Lower Penn Ponds are being reconstructed for birds. These will form ideal havens for duck, coot and moor hens; even, perhaps, for a great crested grebe which is often to be seen there at this time of year.

THE interchange of statues of statesmen between this country and the United States, through the medium of the Sulgrave Institute, has procured for us George Washington in Trafalgar Square, and Abraham Lincoln in Parliament Square. Sir Charles Wakefield, in return, has presented a replica in bronze of Howard Thomas's Bristol statue of Burke, which is destined for Washington, and two busts by Mr. W. Reid Dick, A.R.A., of Chatham and the late Lord Bryce. The former of these will go to Pittsburgh, and the latter for the present will stand in the National Gallery. These memorials to three great men, two of whom opposed to their utmost the policy that lost us the thirteen colonies, while the third did more, as ambassador, than any other man to bring about the present friendship, serve well to embody, in visible form, this friendly spirit and the internationality of great ideals.

A STREAM HEARD IN THE NIGHT.
O weary stream when will you rest?
The busiest ant sleeps in her hill,
Even the impudent, tireless tit
Folds her wings when the night birds flit,
The wildest wind is sometimes still,
But you, are you never blest?

I am the voice of the virtue of God,
In old, old channels I run still new,
For the brown earth's love I am fed from above,
My head is anointed with heavenly dew
When I cease to give, I cease to live
And am lost in the drowned sod.

ANNA DE BARY.

MOST of us are inclined to like what is familiar and resent what is strange. That being so, the average British traveller will probably approve of the new part of Waterloo Station which has been opened this week, because it is very similar in design to the average London terminus. He would not approve of the Pennsylvania or Grand Central Stations in New York, since they are built from an entirely different, and in some ways, much preferable design. There the trains are shut off from the main concourse hall. The platforms are not encumbered by offices and roadways; the various tracks are concentrated to a very high degree and the ease and quickness of getting to and from them are remarkable. At our big London stations the man who is hurrying to catch his train has a desperate sensation of having miles of platform to traverse in the chase. Nevertheless, when he has recovered his breath he will be the first sturdily to uphold his country's institutions.

THE proposal for higher buildings in London was recently debated by a large gathering at the general meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects. The policy had been advocated by a sub-committee, but condemned by two others, and in the open discussion it was decided to oppose it by seventy-nine votes to eight. None the less, rebuilding is everywhere raising the sky-line in our streets, and in many cases fine frontages are being created. The new premises of Messrs. Dickins and Jones, designed by Sir Henry Tanner, though built in the, to some minds, not very beautiful Graeco-Egyptian style, is a notable addition to London architecture, being commendably plain and yet of a pleasing texture. Oxford Circus, too, is half way to completion and will eventually be a noble circle. We notice, also, the completion of a new block in Cockspur Street in the French Renaissance manner. It is our intention shortly to publish a series of articles by Professor C. H. Reilly of Liverpool University criticising the architecture of the principal London thoroughfares.

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THE ASCENT OF THE BAHR AOUCK.-II

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. M. BELL.



HIPPOPOTAMUS IN THE SHALLOWS

OR many days we saw no sign of elephant. Cob and water buck were fairly numerous on the banks, and whistling teal, guinea-fowl, Egyptian geese, spoonbills and egrets were common, while inland giraffe, rhino, buffalo, haartebeeste, topi, oribi, roan and duiker were numerous. Lion were frequently heard, and W. shot a fine male on the carcase of a hippo which was pretty far gone. This hippo must have been wounded by man somewhere, as it was full grown and quite beyond a lion's ability to kill. Fish became so unsophisticated as to take anything you liked to put on a hook, and that right alongside the canoe. So tame were they that our boys used to dangle buck gralloch in the water and spear the fish which immediately swarmed round it. Why fish were so numerous I do not rightly understand. It may have been because there were no natives, who, with their gigantic traps, must destroy countless fish. A curious thing was that the enormous "crocs" we saw appeared to prefer buck to fish. One which we shot was dragging a dead haartebeeste into the water. The hartebeeste was full grown and had evidently been kept under water for some time. We often spotted these monsters lying motionless in the grees waiting for buck

in the grass, waiting for buck to come along, I imagine. Another large crocodile whom we were tempted to photograph was taken by W. at only about 8yds. range. He had sustained damage to one eye—the one nearest the photographer—and probably that was why W. could approach him so closely

approach him so closely.

So far we had not met with great numbers of tsetse. But now we began to reach a very flat country which was evidently all under water in the wet season. Half submerged evergreen forests became more and more common. These cool, damp forests were full of tsetse, and in a few days we were overjoyed to find that elephant frequented them in goodly numbers. Buffalo also seemed fond of them. Had it not been for the swarms of tsetse I think we would have found these groves of evergreen standing full of elephant and buffalo. As it was they came

to them only by night, withdrawing to the open bush and dry grass lands in the daytime. Only once did we actually see elephant from the canoes in the daytime, although we frequently did so by night.

frequently did so by night.

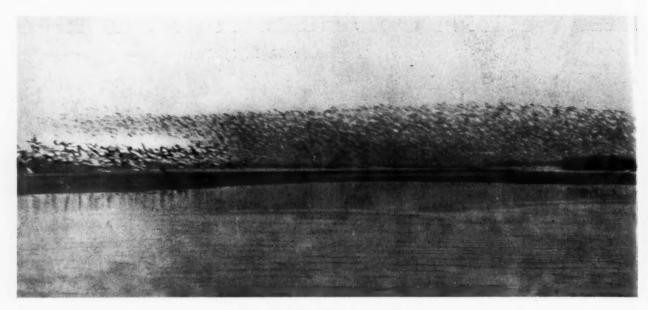
One day we saw ahead of us what appeared like pure white trees. When we drew near we saw that the white on the trees was caused by a colony of egrets sitting on their nests, the surrounding foliage being covered with their droppings. A curious fact in connection with this colony was that when we repassed it on our way down-stream some six weeks after, white spoonbills had taken over the nests and were busy sitting on them, while their earlier occupants, the egrets, were all over the sand-banks, teaching their half-grown progeny how to catch fish, etc.

At the time of our up-stream journey the Egyptian goose was also breeding. On every sand-bank there were scores of ganders, while the geese were hidden away in the vegetation, sitting on their nests. These we found, but always with great difficulty, so well were they hidden.

Fly and game became more and more plentiful as we journeyed on. When I speak of fly I mean tsetse; there were other flies in plenty, but they appeared of no importance beside



RHINO NEARLY HAVE OUR COOK.



SKY BLACK WITH WILDFOWL.



MALE EGYPTIAN GEESE IN BREEDING SEASON: BAHR AOUCK.



SPUR-WINGED GEESE: SHARI RIVER.



MUSGUM VILLAGE: INUNDATED AREA.

the fiendish tsetse. We began to see buffalo now, and one day we saw where the river bank had been trampled down. As we approached it became clear that a very large herd of elephants had been there. It was soon evident that the tracks were quite recent, having been made the night before. We found a nice site for camp on an island, where our fires would not be seen by elephant revisiting their drinking place. We hoped that they would come in the night, and sure enough they did so, soon after sundown—such a splashing and rumbling, trumpeting and crashing. Lions were also busy, roaring on both sides of the river. It was a busy spot and one of our happiest camps. From it as base we hunted in all directions. And what a long way the elephant used to go in the daytime from the river. They would come to the river just after sundown when the flies were quiet. There they would spend the night, crashing the evergreen gallery-forest, plastering themselves with mud as a protection against fly on the following day, eating acres of the still green river grass, and generally enjoying themselves. It must be remembered that at this season everything a few yards back from the river is burnt up either by sun or fire. The dry season in these tropical parts is the winter of the Northern Hemisphere, in its effects upon vegetation. Instead of dying off the grass is burnt off. The grass fires wither the leaves on the trees and they fall immediately after. All temporary water,

such as pools, puddles, etc., dries up. Fly desert the dry parts and congregate in myriads in the shade of the river forest. But they will follow man or beast for miles into the dry country. It is astounding to look behind one as one leaves the vicinity of the river. Behind each man there is a small cloud of tsetse; they keep about two or three feet from the ground. Each traveller keeps flicking away fly that settle on the man in front of him. It is rather startling at first to receive a hard slap on the back when one is not expecting it. Fly generally got us just under the brims of our hats and, when near to buffalo, one would be bitten every thirty seconds. Lucky for us that there were no natives about with sleeping sickness. During the dry season there is not much for elephant to eat away from the river. They pick up a fair lot of tamarind fruit, dig up roots, and chew aloes and sansivera fibre, spitting out the fibre in balls. But it is on the river that they depend for the bulk of their green food and water, and, were it not for fly, they would doubtless remain there day and night.

Early on the following morning W. and I separated, he taking one bank while I took the other. I tracked a large herd back from the river for about five hours' fairly slow going as the tracking was difficult. Dry season tracking is difficult because the ground becomes so hard, also because all the old tracks remain, as there is no rain to obliterate them.

tracks remain, as there is no rain to obliterate them.

About fifteen miles back from their drinking place there were signs of the elephant having left their huge and well worn trails, scattering right and left into small groups, the better to find their scanty food. We saw plenty of fresh rhino spoor, but this was one of the few days upon which we did not encounter them in the flesh.

We had been disentangling the trail of a large bull and had brought it, through the scores of other tracks, right from the river bank. We were rewarded presently by sighting him by himself, wandering gently on. The country was altogether in favour of the rifle, and he had no chance. But after the shot I was astonished to see elephant emerge from the bushy parts, strolling aimlessly about, apparently quite unscared by the sound of a rifle. I went through crowds and crowds of them, getting a bull here and there. It was many years since I had seen elephant so unacquainted with firearms. They appeared to take the crack of the .318 for the crack of a breaking tree-stem or something of that sort.



MUD HUTS: MUSGUM.

Constructed without wooden supports of any kind, and with holes in the top for exit during floods.

Plains

British East Africa in the

old days and

many other parts of Africa I have

never seen such numbers

believe I am

correct in

stating that

every carcase of elephant that we shot during the

entire time

was found in the posses-sion of at

least one lion

when visited for the pur-pose of draw-

ing the tusks.

The greatest number that

of lions.

in

As our h'u'n ting operations were rather similar to the above. except in result, I will pass them over and merely remark on the extraordinary numbers of rhino we met. They were so stupid and so numerous as to be a perfect nuisance. On sighting one we generally tried to avoid him by making a detour, but even then they would sometimes follow us. On several occasions our



ELEPHANT BLOWN UP WITH THE GASES OF PUTREFACTION: FIVE LIONS IN POSSESSION.

boys got into trouble with them and they had to be shot in order to avoid accidents. Once, on leaving camp for a few days' tour in the bush, we started a big cow and a bull from the river bush. They trotted away and I thought no from the river bush. They trotted away and I thought no more about them. About an hour afterwards I heard a frantic shout behind me. I looked round, and there was my boy legging it straight towards me, with our two friends of the morning close behind him. The big cow was leading and was quite close to the boy. They were all going their hardest, and really appeared bent on mischief, so I was compelled to shoot the cow and, shortly afterwards, the bull also, as he went barging stupidly about. I sent afterwards for the horns of these rhino when I thought they would be sufficiently rotten to disengage easily. The boy who went for them found the bodies in the possession of three lions, which refused to budge when shouted We had provided the boy with a rifle. He said that he fired it at the lions, who took no notice of it, but continued to growl at him. He then had another shot, which hit one of them. They all withdrew a little distance when the boy had another shot at the wounded one and killed him. He said that the others remained about in the vicinity while he skinned the lion and pulled off the horns of the now putrid rhino.

Besides rhino there were many lions, some of immense size, although with poor manes. Although I knew the Athi

I personally a carcase was five, but when I camped a few hundred yards to windward of some dead elephants we all had a very lively time indeed. Some boys had meat hung up and drying round huge fires too close, as it turned out, to the dead animals. I am safe in saying that from one hour after sundown until one hour before dawn nothing could approach the carcases because of the lions about them. Hyænas and jackals were constantly trying to sneak up to them, only to be chased off with the most terrific growls and rushes by the lions. So impertinent did they become that eventually they occupied with impunity one of the carcases which lay only 15yds, from the nearest fire. Here they were clearly visible to the boys in the meat camp, Here they were clearly visible to the boys in the meat camp, and when they first came the boys had tried to drive them off by throwing burning sticks at them. This offensive was so effectually countered by the lions as to cause it to cease at once. The arrival of the first firebrand was greeted with such an appalling outburst of growls, snarls and showing of teeth as veritably to scare the throwers almost to the point of flight. The lions were not again molested and pursued their scavenging in peace. I spent some days at this spot as it held the only I spent some days at this spot, as it held the only water for miles around and one could hear the lions approaching each evening. They commenced to roar about an hour before sun-down and continued until they arrived. Where they all disappeared to in the daytime was a mystery, though dogs would have shown them.

The UNIVERSITY MATCH at PRINCE'S, SANDWICH

By BERNARD DARWIN.

next Tuesday and Wednesday Oxford and Cambridge will meet at Prince's, Sandwich. The match has been played there once before in its history, namely, in 1912, when it ended in a half. It was an exciting match with one or two very dramatic finishes. The chief lights on the Oxford side were Mr. Holderness and Mr. Macdonell, the latter of whom is now home from India and playing instructions will be used to. They heat their two adversaries. Macdonell, the latter of whom is now home from India and playing just as well as he used to. They beat their two adversaries, Mr. Medrington and Mr. Carlisle, rather severely, but Cambridge were very solid and stolid towards the middle and tail, and, being an overt partisan, I still think they were a little unlucky not to win. Mr. Max Woosnam had been pulling down his Oxonian, Mr. Smith, very gallantly. Going to the home hole Mr. Smith was dormy one up, but his bolt was very nearly shot. He hit three shots all along the floor, but each one escaped punishment as if by a miracle, and the third reached the edge of the green. Mr. Woosnam hit a fine tee shot and very nearly a still finer second, but it was just trapped close to the green and so severely punished that he could not even halve. There was, however, compensation for Cambridge in another finish between two players who both, sad to say, fell in the war, Mr. Mark Tennant and Mr. Bernard Neville. Mr. Tennant certainly ought to have won, but threw his chance away, and Mr. Neville came with a rush and saved himself, and Cambridge, at the last hole. came with a rush and saved himself, and Cambridge, at the last hole.

It is quite on the cards that this year's fight may be equally close and thrilling. Certainly there could be no finer battlefield. I had the pleasure of playing at Prince's not long ago, and my small caddie, who was either very deep or very innocent, paid me the compliment of asking whether I should be playing in the University match at the end of the month. In a manner at once fatherly and sentimental I replied that the last time I had played in the match was ten years before he was born. To myself I said that if it was going to blow as hard in the match as it was at that moment I was exceedingly glad I should not be playing. that moment I was exceedingly glad I should *not* be playing. Prince's in a big wind is the very devil—there is no other term for it. It is a truly magnificent course, but when the wind blows, it is almost too much so; it just makes a fool of one and it is likely to make fools of a good many of the twenty young gentlemen who will be battling there next week.

men who will be battling there next week.

Prince's has holes of almost every known type, save two; there are no bad holes and there are no easy ones. Do you want holes of the Sandwich type—the big carrying shot over the big hill? Very well; there are two of the best, the eighth and the eleventh. At the eighth you must hit a really good tee shot and then you take your wooden club again from a beautiful grassy plain and hit over—let us hope over—a verdant mountain with deep bunkers in its face, beyond which the green waits for you unseen. At the eleventh the big blind shot is from the

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a really glorious one it is, wherein it is not enough to be over, but you must be over as far as you can to the left in order to hug the hills with your second and get home. The twelfth, again, though there are no tall hills, has yet as fine a carrying second over a deep bunker as need be.

Do you, perhaps, want something subtler, in the nature of a dog-leg? Half the holes on the course are dog-legged. You are always trying to drive as far as you dare to left or right, because the hole bends in that direction for the second shot. The eleventh, before mentioned, has a big left-hand bend in it; the second has one equally propounced to the right; so have the The eleventh, before mentioned, has a big left-hand bend in it; the second has one equally pronounced to the right, so have the seventh and ninth—admirable holes both. Or you may like a hole that runs down a valley in the Formby manner. Well, there is the sixth, the hole that goes down to the coastguards' houses. This is quite one of the most fascinating holes in the world and needs fine, long, straight shots with a wilderness of rough awaiting the slicer. Is it plateau greens you want? there are the fifteenth and seventeenth; and finally there are few are the fifteenth and seventeenth; and finally there are few better short holes of their respective kinds than the third and the fourteenth, the one really short and the other "long-short." The third wants only a mashie shot, but what a narrow strip of green and what a number of voracious pot-bunkers all round it! Altogether, if that wind is blowing, there will be consolations for

Altogether, if that wind is blowing, there will be consolations for those no longer in statu pupillari.

So much for the course, and now for the players. The man in the street thinks Oxford will win. Probably he is right, and yet I am not so sure. The position reminds me a little of that in 1920. Cambridge had been losing all their trial matches and Oxford as a team had gained a rather exaggerated reputation because of the greatness of two individual players, Mr. Wethered and Mr. Tolley. People forgot that two players can only win two matches; further, they did not know that Cambridge, under a captain of most infectious enthusiasm, had trained on in the last few weeks. This year Oxford have got Mr. Tolley, and however many matches he may have lost, that means a lot. They have several other players who can now and again play very well, but I cannot rate them very high as a team. After Mr. Tolley I think the best golfer on the side is Mr. Stokoe;

not the most sparkling, perhaps, but the one who, day in and day out, makes fewest mistakes and keeps the ball on the course. Mr. Stokoe is a good golfer and I should be surprised if he does not win his matches—singles and foursomes. Mr. Cochran the captain, has come on a great deal since last year; he is a fine wooder old he player on his day. But he is a player of wooder.

not win his matches—singles and foursomes. Mr. Cochran the captain, has come on a great deal since last year; he is a fine wooden club player on his day, but he is a player of moods. Mr. Vivian, the left-hander, is sound and strong and painstaking and likely to win his match. The players at the end of the team have not yet done anything to make one think them out of the common, but I admit I have not seen much of them.

As regards Cambridge I have a feeling that they will play a good deal better than they did in their trial matches. There are one or two players on the side who have been a little crushed by having continually to meet strong opponents and so lost faith in themselves. It is of these that, as a Cambridge "fan," I am hopeful, and in particular of Mr. Goadby and Mr. Longbourn. Mr. Goadby has admittedly been very disappointing after his golf in last year's match. Perhaps too much was expected of him, for he is still young and his game has obvious crudities; he swings his iron clubs too much and does not seem able to hold the ball into a wind; still the power and the style are there, and he will be in good practice, which he has not been hitherto. Mr. Longbourn is a nice neat, accurate player with quite a sufficiency of power. Like Mr. Cochran, his last year's opponent, he has improved enormously and his chief fault is an excess of modesty. Mr. Prowse, the captain, is the match-winning player on the side, a sturdy cherful self-reliant golfer who can take a chance improved enormously and his chief fault is an excess of modesty. Mr. Prowse, the captain, is the match-winning player on the side, a sturdy, cheerful, self-reliant golfer who can take a chance, when he gets it, without being frightened of it. He may not win this time, for he will meet Mr. Tolley, but he is a great asset to his side. Mr. Bott has good golf in him, and he and Mr. Storey, another player who can take chances, make a good foursome pair. Mr. Aitken, a soldier up for a year, is a distinct acquisition; he can hit a very long way with that curious open stance; he is a fighter and he knows the game. I am inclined to think that Mr. Aitken, Mr. Storey and Mr. Boyce are in the aggregate better than any three of the new Oxford players. On the other hand, the Oxford old choices are the stronger, and if I had to bet, I suppose it would have to be on——No, perish the thought!

GOATS FOR SMALL-HOLDERS

HOW TO ENCOURAGE THEIR DISTRIBUTION.

N selecting a title for this article my first intention was to use for my heading "Goats for Cottagers," but this last word is apt to convey a somewhat mistaken impression, as, according to its usual acceptation, it suggests the peasant population. This may correspond with the motto, "Vacca pauperis," adopted by the British Goat Society as part of its crest, but the cottager in that sense is not here implied; in a

general way he has been tried and found wanting as a goat-keeper. The "Small-holder" is really the individual to whom the goat mostly appeals and who is here indicated. The term is very comprehensive, embracing the various country residents living in what is more or less a cottage and owning a good-sized garden and generally a plot of grassland. Of such are the poorer clergy, the parish doctor, the small tradesman and many others



LITTLE MILK GIVERS.

cow." Goats

bought for them and either actu-

ally presented to them or sold at low prices on the

payment - by-

instalments

system; pasturage has been provided and

stud services given free; but in the generality of

cases these benevolent

acts have met

with poor re-

down to the superior type of labouring man, thrifty, intelligent and ambiti-ous, a few of whomabound in most rural districts and set a good e x a m p l e to their fel-lows. These, however, only represent the male population, and my category would be incom-plete without mentioning those of the opposite sex, so much in evidence in



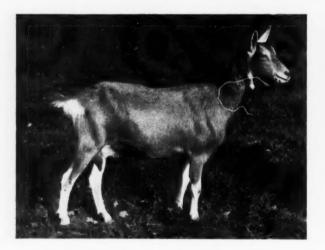
MAYFIELD CARMEN AND HER DAUGHTERS, PYTCHLEY COMET AND PYTCHLEY CINERELLA. BRITISH ALPINES.

all pursuits in these days and who have proved so eminently successful in high-class goat culture. The countrywoman, indeed, takes to goats like her sister in London society does to her pet dogs, and experience has proved that a goat can show as great affection for its mistress or attendant as any member of the canine species.

Ever since 1879, when the British Goat Society came into being, its more wealthy members, recognising the goat as particularly suitable for supplying milk to the cottagers on their estates or in their immediate neighbourhood, have given every encouragement to these people to take to "the poor man's

sponse. So long as the milk was forthcoming and food could be obtained for nothing the animal was fairly treated, but when the yield ceased and a little money had to be expended in providing winter keep, interest in the animal waned, and it has often happened that the poor beast was neglected, and had it not been taken back would have been probably half starved.

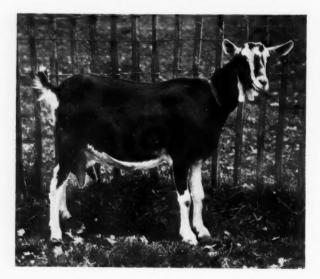
There are people who urge that the goat is no longer "the poor man's cow," but rather the rich man's fancy, and this because, whereas a good specimen could be bought thirty or forty years ago for five pounds, the same quality animal from a noted breeder's herd would fetch in these days ten times that sum. Even £100 is not a very uncommon price. These big



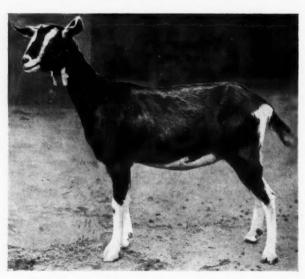
A TOGGENBURG CUP WINNER-RIDING CHERRY.



CICETER HIGHLANDER, A FAMOUS STUD GOAT.



RIDING TULIP, WHICH CARRIES THE DOUBLE "Q*."



CICETER JACINTH AS A GOATLING.

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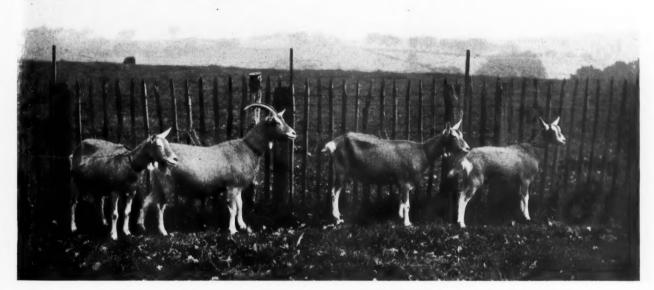
figures have at least had the effect of stimulating the breeding and exhibiting of high-class stock of exceptional merit as milkers; so much so that whereas up to the close of the last century a gallon yield in twenty-four hours was a very rare event, at the present time several goats of this capacity are to be found in many of the best herds, and a gallon and a half is occasionally produced which, by weight, would be 15lb. But even this exceptional quantity has been exceeded. What was probably the greatest amount ever given in one day was milked at Mrs. Potton's goaterie at Rayleigh, Essex. Daphne, a little creature which, at the previous Dairy Show, had been weighed like other livestock and turned the scale at only 97lb., kidded on June 7th, 1921, and on June 9th was milked three times. At 7 a.m., when only a portion was taken (as it is not advisable in that early stage to empty the udder entirely), it gave 7lb.; at midday another 3lb.; and at 8.30 p.m. the produce was over 10lb., making a total for the day of 20lb., which is equivalent to two gallons! Estimating the bodily weight of the animal at that time at 100lb., its yield would be thus one-fifth of that weight. This supply was not maintained, however, as the owner, fearing trouble if continued, restricted its food. Later on the scales showed 17½lb. on more than one occasion as the day's produce. (This remarkable animal has, unfortunately, just died in giving birth to triplets. Its udder was of enormous size, as will be gathered when it is stated that no less than 21½lb. of milk was drawn from it at the time—the heaviest milker this country has ever produced.)

It is not, however, so much the large quantity supplied then a goat is fresh kidded that constitutes the profitable animal

it is only since attention has been given to this class of stock by people of means and standing that it has become fashionable, and when this stage is reached there is money in it as well as interest. The effect of this increased popularity has been the inclusion of goat classes at all the important agricultural shows.

Last year the "Royal," the Bath and West, the Highland and Agricultural, the Royal Ulster and a large number of county societies of this character offered prizes for these animals. Among the more successful exhibitors may be mentioned the Countess Bathurst, Lord Dewar, Lady Helen Graham, Mrs. J.C. Straker, Mrs. Soames, Miss Henderson, Mrs. Abbey, Mrs. Hope Maurice, Miss Pope, Mr. Walmisley, Mr. H. E. Hughes, Mrs. Grace, Miss Pelly and Mrs. R. Pease, the last three making a speciality of Anglo-Nubians. These are in addition to those previously named. Lady Bathurst's herd comprises some twenty head which have free run over a large area in Cirencester Park, where they live an open air life during the day. Among them is a wonderful old goat named Splash, probably the oldest in England, having just passed its fourteenth year, and which had a kid as late as last September. The two goats here portrayed of this herd are Ciceter Highlander, a grand specimen of the Swiss type and winner of many prizes, and Ciceter Jacinth, photographed when a goatling, which won first at Dairy Show and second at Leamington in 1919. Past specimens of note belonging to the same owner were Leazes Luck, Copthorne Sultana and Grange Grenadier, all noted winners.

Mrs. Soames specialises in British Alpines, a new and very popular variety, obtained from a combination of



FOUR GENERATIONS OF TOGGENBURGS.

as the one which shows the highest total in a nine or ten months' lactation. The keeping of milk records, which has become so general among owners of dairy cattle, is now frequently practised by goat-breeders. Among those who take a prominent position in this direction is Lady Dunleath of Ballywalter Park, County Down, who has a considerable herd, and among them a number of milking prize-winners, one of the most remarkable for productiveness being a little crossbred Irish, named Crossgar. This goat gave in 1920 1,930lb. in 240 days and was still giving two quarts a day on December 31st, when the return was made up. Another gave 1,834lb. in 242 days and was also still giving over two quarts.

In an article on this subject in the British Goat Society's Year Book for 1921 it was stated that in some records taken in 1920 one non-pedigree goat gave 2,324lb. in nine months and two others gave respectively 2,176lb. and 1,844lb. When it is remembered that 2,240lb. is the equal of one ton, some idea of what the above figures represent may be gathered.

It must, however, be quite understood that these are outstanding cases. The annual yield of the sort of animal that a small-holder would probably possess would range between 800lb, and 1,000lb., the latter being 100 gallons. This would be the total for an eight or nine months' lactation, and valued at 3s. per gallon would bring £15 and therefore show a good profit.

As regards the goat being at the present day the rich man's fancy (the rich woman's would be more correct, ladies constituting quite four-fifths of the more successful breeders),

Swiss breeds, which has produced some wonderful milkers. These are marked like the Toggenburg, but have a black ground where the latter shows drab. This herd also has won many prizes.

Miss Henderson, of the Riding, Hexham, makes a speciality of the Toggenburg, another Swiss variety, owning the best and largest herd of these in England. This breed, which is getting very scarce for want of a fresh importation of new blood, is noted for its long lactation period and its extreme docility. The illustrations supplied include a number of prize-winners, as this herd has had some striking successes in the last three years. Riding Cherry, decorated with the Q*, an official suffix denoting an exceptional milker in both quality and quantity, won the silver cup for the best of her breed at the last Dairy Show. Riding Crocus took first at the Royal at Darlington in 1920. Riding Tulip, which carries the double Q* because its dam had already the single decoration, and it won its own subsequently, has won many prizes as a kid and a goatling and figured conspicuously in the prize list last year in the Northumberland and the Stirling Shows.

Most of the milk from the Riding goats that is not used for domestic purposes goes to feed puppies, which thrive upon it amazingly. Every now and then this supply is checked, however, in order to provide a demand from the village nurse who needs the same life-giving nourishment for the use of infants who cannot retain cows' milk, or as a diet for some consumptive patient, very great benefit being invariably derived in such cases.

H. S. Holmes Pegler.

BEGINNER ON SKIS

BY VIOLET MARKHAM.

F a row of George Washingtons appeared before me and with their hands on their hearts affirmed that they had found their first day on skis other than a terrifying experience, I should remain unconvinced. To be offered up as sacrifice on a snow slope, having lost all control over your feet, trussed up as they are in long strips of wood; then to realise that your evil choice lies between falling head first, backwards or sideways into the snow or being carried away by the skis or sideways into the snow, or being carried away by the skis into what appear to be abysses of ice and snow yawning below you at incredible angles—such is the hard lot of the beginner. Blind funk, let me confess at once, was the only feeling uppermost in my mind when I found myself sprawling about the practice field in Adelboden.

But it is a contradictory fact in human nature that few of

us have the courage to give way to the sheer terror which may from time to time possess our souls. The humiliation of running away is too great to be faced. So we try a little humbug, set our teeth and go on. In ski-ing this process is well worth while.

away is too great to be faced. So we try a little humbug, set our teeth and go on. In ski-ing this process is well worth while, I only write as the humblest of beginners, but even so the moment when the skis, instead of exercising a horrid tyranny over one's helpless body, become the instrument, however imperfect, of one's will is a moment worth living for.

It may be that you have had a teacher and he has steered you several times down one of the small hills in the practice field. You have practised "kick turns," that face-about method essential for the skier, and the chances are you have sat down many times in snow during the process. Do not imagine when you have had a fall that getting up is easy. The expert at your side tells you not to struggle, but to lie still for a few moments and then wriggle your body and legs into a position at right angles to the hill. Euclid was always abhorrent to my soul and problems of this character seem peculiarly objectionable when you are stranded hot and helpless in a snow bank. The proper angle being achieved you are then told to bring the skis together, to dig your two sticks into the snow—you try in despair to use your hands and arms, only to find the snow gives way beneath them—and so after many efforts you struggle (or you do not) up again on to your narrow slats of wood. But sooner or later comes the sickening moment when you must make the attempt to run alone and the gentle slope of the practice field confronts you in the guise of a Mont Blanc. Down you go—very probably head first—and the process has to be repeated make the attempt to run alone and the gentle slope of the practice field confronts you in the guise of a Mont Blanc. Down you go—very probably head first—and the process has to be repeated again and again till the secret of balance is learnt. But there is a real thrill of delight when for the first time the descent is made not with a sickening feeling in the neighbourhood of the diaphragm, but with that free sense of skimming like a bird over the snow, which is the joy of the skier. And once you have got as far as that you begin to enter a new and wonderful set of values which transform the whole character of the snowbound landscape and your own outlook with it.

values which transform the whole character of the snowbound landscape and your own outlook with it.

Visitors to the Alps in winter time divide themselves, generally speaking, into the two camps—skaters and skiers. It is rare that a devotee of the one form of sport practises the other with equal zest. The great advantage of skis is the degree to which they open up the country side at a time of the year when deep snow makes expeditions on foot impossible. The walker is limited to a few beaten tracks, alternately frozen or slushy as the sun stands high or low. The winter and the summer landscape in Switzerland have little in common. Green valleys and lower slopes of hills over which the tourist roams in valleys and lower slopes of hills over which the tourist roams in summer time become to all intents and purposes ice fields. Everywhere snow lies many feet deep, and when the upper meadows above tree level are reached the illusion of finding oneself meadows above tree level are reached the illusion of finding oneself in the heart of a great range of lofty mountains is complete. Hence the value of skis. Without them you are doomed to the rink and the village street and the chatter of the hotel lounge. Face the terrors of the practice field and a new method of locomotion becomes possible. Away through woods and over fields you can go, climbing out of the valleys, crossing the low passes, finding at every step new revelations of the beauty of the Alpine landscape in the purity and aloofness of its winter garb.

arb.

The Bernese Oberland is familiar to the mountaineer in the climbing season. During the winter many places offer attractions no less great to the skier and skater. The villages have an unfamiliar air to those who know the Alps in summer time. The châlets on the upper slopes, buried deep in snow, are deserted for the time being both by cattle and men. Young Switzerland is active in the sense of skis and luges. The children dart about everywhere on skis and imperil the lives of elderly visitors by swift descents down the steep roads on their light sledges. It is surprising to hear that skis are an importation into Switzerland from Scandinavia within the last twenty-five years. Snowshoes must have been a clumsy substitute. But to-day every Swiss child in the mountains learns to ski as naturally as it learns to walk. And as one watches beautiful youth at play in the snow fields, already practising the flying jumps and expert turns which are the special admiration of the tourist, the foreign visitor is left under no illusions as to the gulf which separates his or her mediocre performance from the skill of the native born.

Hans Brunner, well known as an expert skier in the Adelboden district, took me in hand as a teacher. It must be dull work, when you can fly over the country side in an incredible number of minutes, to prop up the tourist in the practice field. But the sturdy, blue-eyed youth who has carried off many prizes in local competitions brought much patience and good temper to his task. In ski-ing, as in other things, to have expert teaching at the start is well worth while. The beginner gathers confidence from the sense of experience at his side and bad habits are avoided. Encouraged by Hans Brunner, little by little the feeling of terror began to give way to one of exhilaration and my ambitions soared beyond the limits of the practice field.

"Madame should try a little excursion to the Hahnenmoos," said Hans, after three days of instruction. Heroic measures were necessary, for our sands at Adelboden were running out—but the Hahnenmoos! I had heard the latter spoken of with respect by skiers in the hotel as a long day out; also a certain hill, the Regen-Hans Brunner, well known as an expert skier in the Adelboden

necessary, for our sands at Adelboden were running out—but the Hahnenmoos! I had heard the latter spoken of with respect by skiers in the hotel as a long day out; also a certain hill, the Regenbolz, popularly known by the English as the "Rag and Bones," had to be negotiated in the descent—who was I to aspire to such things? But Hans of the gentle voice and quiet manner was insistent. "I come with Monsieur and Madame, and Madame will get on all right—no difficulty for her if I am there." Hans was the expert and to the expert view we bowed, though I had a shrewd suspicion that the victories of the practice field might assume another air on the Hahnenmoos. But a long day in the open, high up on the snow slopes—such an adventure was well worth the price of a few qualms. We would start early and take our time, and as for the Regenbolz—well, I had Hans' word for it he would see me through. So the die was cast.

We had a day of perfect weather for the excursion; bright sunshine; firm snow, neither too hard nor too soft; an entire absence of wind. We were coming away before the sun had climbed the barrier wall of the Adelboden hills and peeped over into the valley below. Up and up we went in the chill morning air, amid the slim, supercilious-looking pine trees heavily powdered with snow. For the first two miles or more there is a beaten track from Adelboden which leads through Gelbach to the Hahnenmose.

track from Adelboden which leads through Gelbach to the Hahnen-moos Pass. When the track ends, skis are put on and for a couple of hours you climb steadily till you are far above the level of the trees and barely a châlet remains in view. A wondrous level of the trees and barely a châlet remains in view. A wondrous sight it is in the glorious sunshine—the shining fields of snow in their silence and purity; the impression of being on the roof of the world amid great mountains bound by the spell of eternal winter. Is it possible that the way we have come is an excursion in summer time over green meadows? The suggestion seems absurd. We at least know what the glory and remoteness of the snow mountain must mean to the climber.

The warm sunshine of this late February day had lured a flight of feckless butterflies into existence. Strange it was at this altitude to meet a Painted Lady fluttering above the snow.

this altitude to meet a Painted Lady fluttering above the snow. Brilliant, but ill fated apparitions in a world over which King Winter still reigns, the day of the butterfly can be but brief and evil amid surroundings which speak not of spring, but of frost and cold.

At the top of the Hahnenmoos Pass is a small hotel kept At the top of the Hahnenmoos Pass is a small hotel kept by a young couple whose solitude à deux must be no misnomer at this time of the year. The house literally has been dug out of the snow drifts which threaten to overwhelm it. Glorious indeed is the prospect of the Oberland from this vantage point, though another line of hills still separates us from the Rhone Valley and blocks out any distant view of the main chain of the Alps. Lunch is thankfully produced. We eat and rest and I at least endeavour to distract my mind from unprofitable speculations as to the return journey.

at least endeavour to distract my mind from unprofitable speculations as to the return journey.

Then, at last, the fatal hour arrives; skis are put on again and we skirt the mountain side for a short time till the slopes of the Regenbolz are reached. Three or four weeks earlier Hans had been the winner of a ski race which started from this point, reaching Gelbach in the incredible space of 16 minutes 2 seconds. The flags marking the course were still visible on the hill side. "We will follow them," said Hans cheerfully. I surveyed the scene and thought it best to maintain a discreet silence. The first run downwards was easy enough. The slope was not too steep and ended in a cup which brought us automatically to a standstill. My horn also was slightly exalted by a tumble on the part of Monsieur. But the next lap was a very different matter. "We go down here," said Hans, steering me as he spoke to the edge of an abyss over which I looked in blank dismay. "Go down there?" I replied, with a whimper in my heart which I am sure translated itself into my tones. "Why not?" said the persuasive voice at my side. "I come with Madame!" Madame !

Madame!"

But Hans or no Hans, that abyss of ice and snow made me quail. I summoned philosophy and the methods of Professor Coué to my aid. "This is not the top of a mountain," I said to myself firmly, "it is only a green meadow of the upper valley, bright with flowers, where in summer time cows stray and peasants yodel." Thus fortified, I took another look. But alas for the failures of suggestion! Not even the members of the Everest Expedition, so I felt, could be faced with anything

quite so bad as this snow slope, falling away beneath us in dizzy distance. However, the psychology of funk to which I have already referred came into play again. Monsieur was already away. I could not spend the night on the Regenbolz and I did not want to turn tail before Hans. My skis automatically tried to turn up hill rather than downwards, but at last with a sick qualm I realised the path to the abyss had begun. Hand in hand Hans and I hurled ourselves down that horrid slope; then came another just as bad, then a third.

By this time I was beginning to recover from the sense of

then came another just as bad, then a third.

By this time 1 was beginning to recover from the sense of terror and to find real joy and exhilaration in the descent. Alone, the hill sides would have been too much for me, but thanks to Hans all went well. Of course in the eyes of a pukka skier my performance was shabby in the extreme. But confidence is all important in dealing with an experience so novel as ski-ing, and to a beginner like myself the touch of a hand is enough to give it. So in the end we skimmed along merrily, though I found that the calling into use of unfamiliar muscles made it difficult to take a long run without halting for a rest. Down and down we that the calling into use of unfamiliar muscles made it difficult to take a long run without halting for a rest. Down and down we went in the bright afternoon sunshine. Even I was able to grasp to what extent the expert skier must feel he has won his way into a new dimension, for the sensation is surely as near flying as wingless man can hope to attain.

A nasty piece of wood had to be crossed as we neared the bottom of the valley. Here every possible trap awaited the ignorant skier, and if I had felt a little pleased with myself on

the snow slopes above, the wood rapidly reduced me to a proper sense of my own limitations.

A final race on the ice-bound track which led to Gelbach proved one of the worst moments of the day. For the ski on ice is very different from ski-ing on the snow, and this track overhung a high bank with a stream far below. Hans' life on the outer edge seemed to me in dire peril, for control over my skis I had none, and at every moment I feared some lurch on my part round a corner would hurl him over the bank—a suggestion which I am bound to add moved him to much polite merriwhich I am bound to add moved him to much polite merri-

ment.
"Madame will now take off her skis." I cannot say the "Madame will now take off her skis." I cannot say the words were unwelcome, for what with the grand finale of the wood and the ice track there was something attractive at that late hour of the afternoon in finding myself once more on my own feet. Was ever coffee so good as the cups, overflowing with creamy milk, which we drank in the little hotel at Gelbach?

The shadows were lengthening from dusk to night as finally we clattered into the village street of Adelboden. Sirius, the faithful dog on guard over his master the hunter, blazed above us in the powder-blue sky; the great cirque of hills which enclose the Adelboden Valley glimmered faintly through the darkness, distant and austere in their white aloofness.

To-morrow we should be in the plains below. Suffice it that for to-day we have been carried far about valleys and have come face to face with the white perfection of the heights.

come face to face with the white perfection of the heights.

SHOOTING CONDITIONS at POLES, HERTS

By MAX BAKER.



A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS PERFECT CONDITIONS FOR A PHEASANT DRIVE, There should be—First, flushing covert in the distance, then a clear space of meadow, then a high belt of trees to get the birds up and screen the guns, who should be in the open; lastly, a destination for the pheasants.

HE selection of an estate for purchase will in the main be governed by the combination of qualities it presents and very seldom by some single outstanding feature. Poles, near Ware, Hertfordshire, might make its primary appeal on account of its accessibility to the City and the fact that it is within energetic walking distance of the station. There are others who would aim at more thorough isolation, using the motor for bridging the intervening gap. Poles offers a well appointed home farm, an agreeable house, opulent outbuildings, a pleasantly timbered sweep of park circled by a nine-hole golf course, a mile of river frontage, and last, but not least, a varied assortment of shooting. If shooting alone were considered, a different choice might be made; but how often do we find that shooting must take its proportionate place and the best be made of the opportunities it presents. At Poles it is a best be made of the opportunities it presents. At Poles it is a very good best, for the area offers just that scope which dovetails

very good best, for the area offers just that scope which dovetails into other occupations and recreations.

The general lay-out of the estate is sufficiently expressed by the accompanying diagrams. It spreads approximately east-by-west, the house, the park, the home farm and the home coverts on a sandy formation to the west, descending by a precipitous gradient to the River Rib. This river I formerly knew intimately some miles higher up, and more than once assured myself of its spring-fed source by its icy coldness in hot summer weather. In the matter of fishing it undoubtedly

responds to management, for well I remember escorting the late responds to management, to: we!! I remember escorting the late Mr. William Senior (Redspinner) on a certain pilgrimage. On the journey he suddenly stopped the dogcart to speak to a man whom he recognised as fish guardian to the club which rented these waters. Just how it was wangled I do not know, but he secured an excellent day's sport in the close season by removing fishes from one piece of water for transfer to another. That club ceased operations during the war, so that the river at the moment carries but its natural stock.

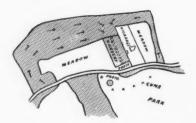
The Poles estate was for very many years the property of the

moment carries but its natural stock.

The Poles estate was for very many years the property of the Hanbury family, the last occupant of the name being Mr. E. S. Hanbury. Some years before the war it was acquired by Mr. H. S. King, of South African fame, whose keenness on shooting is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that he rented the sporting rights of Eastwell Park, Kent (Country Life, March 26th, 1921), from 1906 to 1911. His death has caused the estate to be offered for sale, so that it now awaits a purchaser.

As the diagram indicates, the home coverts, the home farm and the park have been blended so as to produce a nice compact

As the diagram indicates, the home coverts, the home tarm and the park have been blended so as to produce a nice compact area under complete control for pheasant shooting. The woods are old-established and well cared for, with specialisation for shooting everywhere evident. Jutting out some couple of miles to the east is the partridge ground, this being a series of large fields, occupying a ridge of high ground and without exception highly cultivated. Haileybury College dome ranks as a landmark



THE SECOND BEST PHEASANT DRIVE ON THE ESTATE.

Arrows indicate the direction of the drive towards the nursery, into which one man enters to stir the birds up.

in the distance. The soil here is different from that of the other end of the estate, being of what might be termed an affectionate disposition. of the estate, being of what might be termed an affectionate disposition. Extending along the centre of the partridge ground is a nice string of compact little woods of comparatively recent planting, highly favoured by wild pheasants and therefore offering a number of opportunities for October days at driven partridges and pheasants combined. As might be assumed from the geographical conditions, the management of these drives necessitates particular attention to wind direction, the most favourable being a gentle current of air across the narrow belt. There are, fortunately, some nice cross fences, the main stand-by for the moment at the far end offering a fine line of shelter which the farmer has been induced to allow to remain. Having regard to the active planting which was done here some thirty or more years ago one wonders why the opportunity to establish one or two narrow cross-belts was not seized, the shelter they would have proved a great boon, while the acreage withdrawn from cultivation would rank as a mere bagatelle. Presumably East Anglian methods had not penetrated so far, for one of the views shows a gratuitous gap some tooyds, wide between Coward's Wood and a triangular piece beyond. At the moment shelter for the guns placed in the gap is provided by butts, but from a shooting point of view a fine opportunity of putting the partridges on some seventy acres of land well up in the air has been but partially utilised. The return drive from an even larger area would permit the belt to be used twice over. However, these are the little changes and embellishments which a keen owner loves to make for himself, watching the resultant improvement year by year. Without doubt the problem or task of preserving and densifying the fence which forms the key to the initial partridge drive at the east end of the estate should be taken in hand before trim

for himself, watching the resultant improvement year by year. Without doubt the problem or task of preserving and densifying the fence which forms the key to the initial partridge drive at the east end of the estate should be taken in hand before trimming puts the clock back a matter of ten years. This drive offers a really fine piece of sport, for no fewer than three fields, comprising a matter of sixty acres, are brought over the guns, who can stand well back, with a return drive in sequence from the eighty acres into which the double lot of birds would be congregated. There are a number of other drives resembling the two already mentioned, a great favourite being one at the park end which



THE FLUSHING POINT. A NURSERY PLANTATION RUN AMOK.



THE TREE BELT WHICH GETS THE PHEASANTS UP INTO THE AIR.

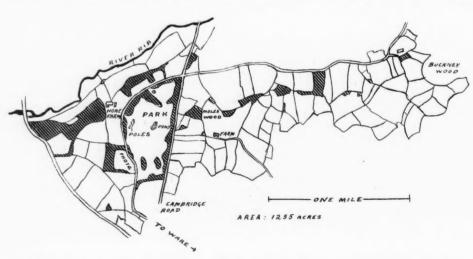
usually supplies the finale to either mixed days or those mainly devoted to pheasants. The preoccupations connected with handling so narrow a piece of ground are greatly eased by the fact that sporting neighbours occupy either side, the Croft estate (Fanhams Hall) on the south, which is shot by General Page-Croft, M.P., and on the north the Youngsbury Park estate of Mr. C. G. Puller.

In the department of pheasants there are two drives which stand out as really first-class, and others which I imagine could In the department of pheasants there are two drives which stand out as really first-class, and others which I imagine could be brought to the same high level by one who is willing to make experiments. Both drives exemplify the fundamental rule in a high degree, which is that the birds shall be shepherded to a nice flushing place having a clear space beyond, with, on the other side of the space, a belt or other growth of trees which serves the double purpose of giving the birds an obstacle to surmount and of completely screening the line of guns. Incidentally, there must be a piece of covert behind the shooters to which the birds would naturally proceed on being disturbed. The finest exemplification of these conditions is to be found in a nice piece of covert in the park, to which birds naturally resort and in which others may readily be gathered by preparation drives. Reaching the edge of the covert they find a sufficiently extensive area of grass to promote the flying tendency; then comes a minor road bordered with hedges and a noble row of densely matted elms. The guns stand in the field where the picture was taken, with Jubilee Plantation behind them, this presumably dating back to the year 1887. No pheasant could resist such a lure, and great

1887. No pheasant could resist such a lure, and great is the result, with the added benefit of an easy pick-up.

The other bonne bouche is. in my estimation, more or less the species of accident which

nn my estimation, more or less the species of accident which proves that the science of showing pheasants to advan-tage has not yet been reduced to the formula stage. A more or less inconsequent half-circle of coverts, with Langlands Wood as its main feature joins Wood as its main feature, joins up with she park woodlands at one end and comes to an abrupt stop at the Vicarage with its enclosed grounds, so exemplifying the condition



SKETCH PLAN OF THE POLES ESTATE, SHOWING THE COVERTS AND PARTRIDGE GROUND.

of a dog without a tail or a river without an exit. Some bright genius seems to have established an estate nursery in a plot or a tog without a tail of a tive without an exit. Some bright genius seems to have established an estate nursery in a plot of ground running at right-angles to Landlands Wood and forming part of an eight-acre meadow. This nursery, like many others, was left during the war, and in its present condition is about as dense a tangle as one could well in agine, fortunately with a narrow grass ride running the entire length (see illustration). Into this the pheasants are brought, the few beaters required being halted at its margin. The keeper enters alone and stirs up the birds in detail, so prolonging the rise for fully thirty minutes. Some dozen or so yards of grass separate the nursery from the road, the other side of which is an adventitious cluster of mature thicket growth which forms a screen for the park beyond (see illustration). I did not ask the question, but have no doubt that the pheasants rise from the grass rice which runs directly towards the thicket, so inviting flight over the same and over the completely hidden line of guns beyond. So interesting is the total combination that I present a diagram in addition to the pair of photographs.

the total combination that I present a diagram in addition to the pair of photographs.

Mr. H. R. King, son of the late proprietor, told me that they had never been successful in driving Moles Wood, and this he suggested I should particularly examine with a view, if possible, to elucidating the cause of failure. This wood proved to be a nice little covert some six acres in extent into which there to be a nice little covert some six acres in extent into which there is never any difficulty in gathering the material for a successful drive; but do what they will, the birds refuse to carry on to a magnificent range of trees bordering the park and insist on breaking backwards and sideways and performing all the other antics which suggest that something is wrong somewhere. The diagram shows that between Moles Wood and the theoretical destination is a nice piece of meadow land, this separating the wood from the main Cambridge Road by an open space some 200yds. across. This roadway supplies an obvious, but maybe an erroneous, explanation for the shyness of the birds. Perhaps, or probably, it serves to divert attention from the real explanation. erroneous, explanation for the shyness of the birds. Perhaps, or probably, it serves to divert attention from the real explanation. Traffic of the usual country road order passes along, wayfarers, no doubt, pause to observe the sport which they can see in course of preparation, but the crowd, such as it may be, is as nothing compared with the line of guns and their attendants, and we know that pheasants will face this menace—but always provided that certain conditions are observed. True, there is no intervening belt of trees, but the next best thing docs exist in the form of a dense wall of high trees to which the line of guns would necessarily have their backs. Though my own qualifications are slender for expressing an opinion where experienced people have failed, the error, nevertheless, seems to be patent and to reside in the qualities of the flushing point. This wood is for the most part a densely matted thirty-year-old growth, out of which no bird could rise except by corkscrewing its way among the branches. This it would not do unless it had discovered objections to going forward, so we may assume that birds so behaving have already run forward to the margin and made those spying reconnoitres which are so difficult to perceive from the firing line. Last autumn, from a favoured coign of vantage, I watched exactly this thing happen, and was much entertained by hearing the guns afterwards agreeing that the wood must have been hare

happen, and was much entertained by hearing the guns afterwards agreeing that the wood must have been bare of pheasants. In point of fact, the host had unwisely deferred to the suggestion of a distinguished guest to place the guns in front of, instead of behind, the usual screen. In the case of Moles Wood this screen is absent and no ready means of providing absent and no ready means of providing it is available.

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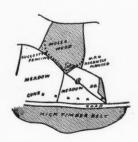
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it is available.

At the central flushing edge of Moles Wood is a triangular area of newly planted timber of about five years' growth—a tiny space, indeed, but nearly sufficient to act as a flushing place. Its defect is that it is open in front, and, therefore, a natural spy-place for birds. A stone wall, a wood fence, a privet hedge, almost anything would suffice for screen provided the usual 3ft. high wire fence were erected parallel with it and some



THE PROBLEM OF MOLES WOOD. Why don't the pheasants come forward?

syds. further in, so barring access to the absolute edge. Assuming the inadequacy of the flushing corner its area could readily be extended by clearing the necessary strip of undergrowth on the remainder of the covert frontage. The suggested wire fence should more or less follow the line shown in the diagram so as to direct the movements of birds running forward, while restricting their scope for taking observations. No piece subject for ing their scope for taking observations. No nicer subject for experiments could be imagined, and there would be no waiting No nicer subject for for the fruition of its results.

This estate is particularly favoured in the matter of dealing with wild pheasants by the varied assortment of nice little bits of wood with which the forestry enthusiasm of a previous owner has endowed its entire area. They need adapting here and there to accord with the gradually developing science of pheasant management, but the raw material is there and would respond to the detailed inverse which invariable agreements. in the detailed improvements which inevitably suggest themselves in the course of shooting. Much has already been done at Poles on these lines; one illustration shows, for instance, the valuable clearance which is being made in Γ ownham Wood; for here, though the birds fly well, the guns have hitherto been hampered by too parrow a ride

clearance which is being made in I ownham Wood; for here, though the birds fly well, the guns have hitherto been hampered by too narrow a ride.

Last season's bag on this estate was 854 pheasants, 570 partridges, 2 woodcocks, 18 wild ducks, 90 hares and 1,482 rabbits, mostly ferreted, making 3,016 head all told. Conditions were such that shooting could not be pursued in any systematic fashion, but notwithstanding the handicaps some nice days were enjoyed, and the stock reduced to working dimensions. Even so, there are rather more breeding pairs of partridges than the head-keeper, S. French, would have stipulated for had ordinary conditions prevailed. The best day at partridges was September 17th, when six guns obtained 190, together with 13 hares. On the 10th two guns got 40 brace. The best day at pheasants was on October 29th, when 380 head were obtained. What ranks as a little day sounds the nicest of all, for the bag comprised 36 pheasants, 112 partridges and 5 hares—this on October 1st, when mixed driving around the outlying coverts was the order of the day. If space permitted I would refer in some detail to past records of the estate as contained in the game book, but sufficient has already been said to indicate general possibilities. The ordinary keepering staff is three, the head-keeper's cottage, the kennels and so on being situated in the angle of Jubilee Plantation, near the spot marked "photo" in the main plan, the partridge keeper being resident in the exact centre of his particular sphere of interest.

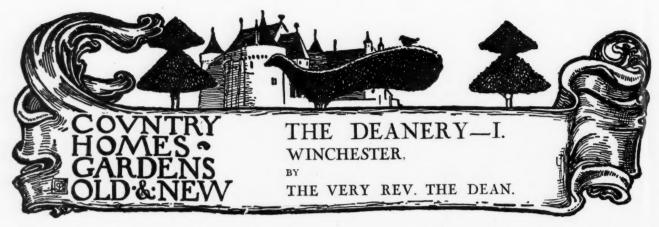
If I were asked for a general summary of the shoot I should say that it would provide as many full-dress occasions as the average man would desire, with, in addition, numerous and varied opportunities for little days to be worked by the ordinary staff. Some very pretty ferreting is available for those who appreciate this rather neglected branch of shooting. Add further the pleasant wanderings by river and hedge side in company with the delightful pair of Cocker spaniels which are kept for the purpose



AN UNFORTUNATE GAP IN A TREE BELT USED IN PARTRIDGE DRIVING.



A VALUABLE CLEARANCE IN THE MAIN COVERT TO OPEN UP TWO OF THE BEST STANDS.



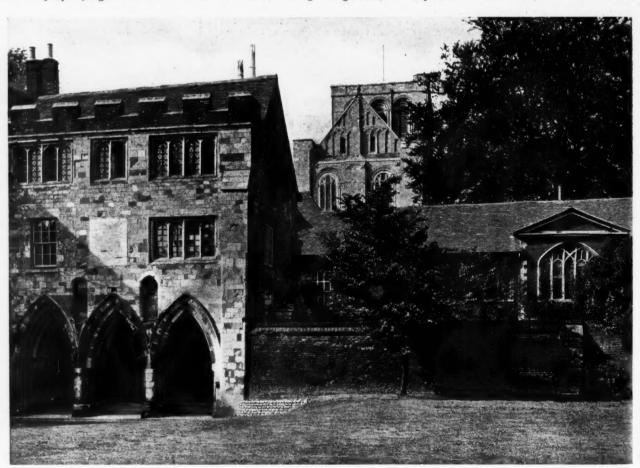
HE cathedral church of Winchester is, in some ways, the most famous church in our land, for it goes back to the time when the city was the capital of England. Its history began in A.D. 643, and even in the present building are portions which go back to 960. From the eleventh century the history of the cathedral is continuous. Its memories embrace some of the greatest events in English history. Its monuments are surpassed only by those in Westminster Abbey. It belongs, indeed, conspicuously to the life of England. Beside it was built the Benedictine monastery which looks back to the great Bishop St. Swithin. It is of the survivals of this that we are now to write.

that we are now to write.

The Close at Winchester has some special interests of its own, which any passer-by may observe. It is truly a close, an enclosed place. There is but one gate to it through which carriages can go, and that is always locked at nightfall. Belated revellers, if such there be, who would return to a house within the walls, or those who have had entertainment, material or spiritual, within, must wake the drowsy porter and witness the solemn process of unlocking the gate. There is no other way through the Close at night. The dean and canons have keys which will let them in or out by iron gate or massive door, west or east; but the rest of mankind must knock humbly at the one great gate, over which stand the Royal Arms, renewed with each reign. A few months ago one of His Majesty's Judges of Assize was seen to knock, seeking

entrance to his lodging, a fine eighteenth century house within the Close. The porter's boy as he let him in advised him that there was no way through, and the learned and reverend justice replied that he did not need one, "for I live here." "So do I," replied the youth, little knowing to whom he spoke; "so we are equal." In truth we are all equally captives within the Close; and it is a happy captivity. All through the night there is silence, save, in their season, for the heavy breathing of the young owls or the early cawing of the rooks.

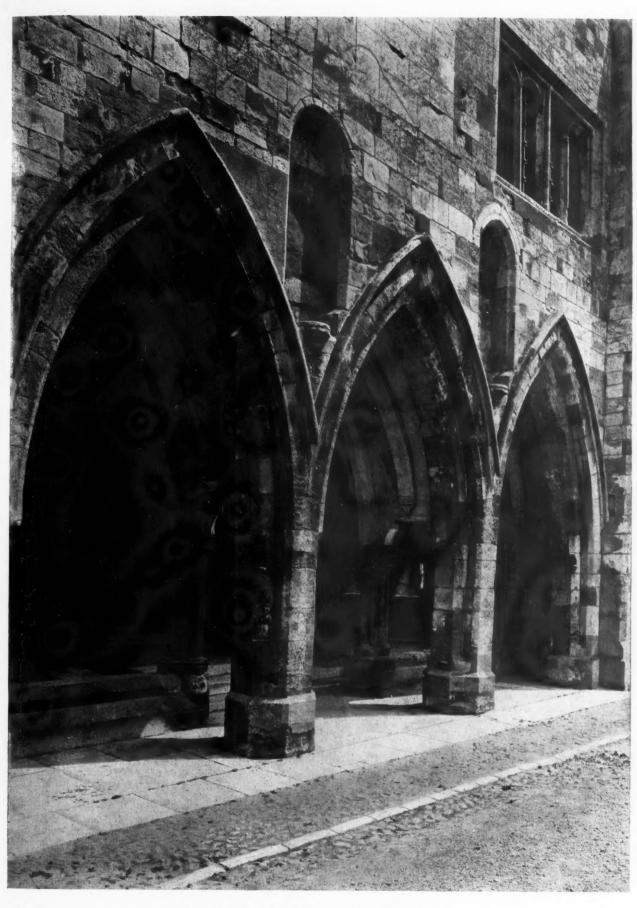
And it is a paradise of birds, which rest and chatter in the great trees, elms and cedars and magnificent planes, which shade the pleasant gardens within the walls. There are the beautiful ringdoves and the inquisitive jackdaws, many a kind of tit and finch, the blackbird and the thrush, the housemartin and the swallow, and in the winter the gull from Southampton Water. Time would fail to tell of all the birds, their pleasant ways, and the gracious writing of those who love them, in the Close. Time would fail to tell of the trees, of the famous mulberry in the garden of No. 3, and in the deanery garden, the great planes, the beautiful avenue of limes (Fig. 11), or the little newcomer from Kew, a descendant of the mulberry which Shakespeare's own hand planted, or the oak with Dean Garnier's Latin inscription recording its ancestry. Figs, the great delight of the seventeenth and eighteenth century makers of gardens, are still prominent in the Close, but it does not seem



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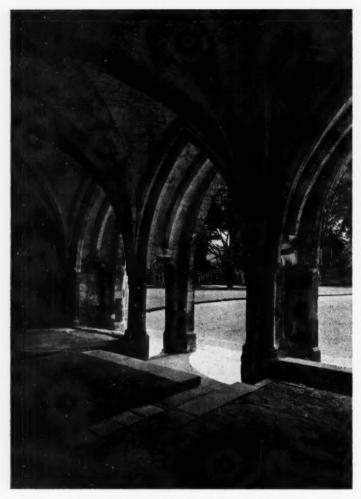
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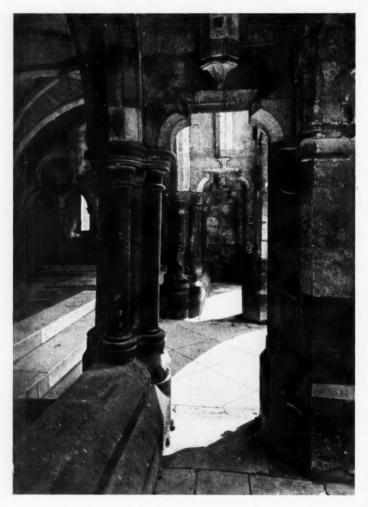
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2.—THE ENTRANCE TO THE DEANERY:

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 3.—ARCHES AT THE DEANERY ENTRANCE . "C.L."



4.—THIRTEENTH CENTURY ARCHES. THE DEANERY.

as if the Winchester gardener of to-day knows how to treat them, for they are much less prolific than of yore. One famous tree barely survives, but the inscriptions mentioned by William Gilpin in his "Remarks on Forest Scenery" (1794) have disappeared:

In the deanery-garden at Winchefter ftood lately, (folately as the year 1757) an ancient fig-tree. Through a fucceffion of many deans it had been cafed up, and shielded from winds, and frost. The wall to which it was nailed, was adorned with various inscriptions in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; alluding to such passages of the sacred writings, as do honour to the fig-tree. After having been presented with several texts of scripture, the reader was informed, by way of climax, that in the year 1623, king James I. tasted of the fruit of this fig-tree with great pleasure.

Nor does anything, I think, survive of the formal garden which must have belonged to many a former dweller in the Close. In such they and Izaak Walton surely must have walked, nor can one imagine the egregious Pyle happy in any other setting. There is scarcely space for landscape gardening, yet there are signs that many a past occupier of these "pleasant shades" was influenced by the ideas of "Capability" Brown. Now, the gardens are recovering from the destruction of herbaceous beauties, the excessive cultivation of the homely potato, and the neglect of lawns which occurred during the war. Peace again broods over this solemn and sequestered scene.

Let us turn to the houses. Canon Vaughan has dealt so happily with most of them and their historical associations that I am the less reluctant almost to confine myself to the house in which it is my privilege to dwell, the Deanery. Due south of the south transept of the Cathedral Church, which belongs to the time of Bishop Walkelin (1079), beyond where the Chapter House once stood, and the Monks' Dorter, now stands the irregular series of buildings (Fig. 1) which, after the dissolution of the monastery, became the dwelling of the dean. Its main divisions and dates are these. Southwards are the beautiful Early English arches, now a portico to the main door, which belong to the late thirteenth century. Above them are two floors, now bedrooms, of the Tudor time. West of these was the great Prior's Hall, now divided as to its lower part into drawing-room and dining-room, but still, in the former, preserving its ancient massive windows of the fifteenth century. Its fine proportions are spoiled by division into two floors, the upper of which supplies a series of bedrooms. From the drawing-room—the northern part of the old Prior's Hall—steps ascend to an oak panelled (sixteenth century) room which no doubt belonged to the prior's house and was perhans his parlour.

century) room which no doubt belonged to the prior's house and was perhaps his parlour.

At the survey taken when the property of the chapters was sequestrated in 1649 the house had "fourteen lodging chambers," doubtless on the top floor and stretching northwards and included a "fair dining room wainscotted and ceiled with plain wainscot" (probably the room on the ground floor, which opens into the garden) and a "fair study wainscotted with draw boxes of wainscott" (doubtless the room above it) as well as the audit-house, two rooms adjoining the "very fair large Hall containing by estimation twenty yards in length and ten in breadth (Fig. 6). The roof of very good timber covered with tile, the walls of the said hall being of stone, the windows well barred with iron, half glazed, and the other half shutters of wood, the floor thereof being supported with extraordinary good timber." During the Civil Wars and the Interregnum it seems that the house, with others in the Close, fell well nigh into ruin, and no doubt it was reconstructed after the Restoration. To this period belongs the central arrangement of the house, the great staircase and the panelled rooms, above and below, to the northeast of it, which we shall illustrate next week. The only addition to the house was made a little later, when Dr. William Clarke was Dean, that is between 1666 and 1679. This is a gallery over 69ft. long and about 12ft. broad, which was built, says persistent tradition, for the use of Charles II, who frequently stayed in the Deanery. This brick building, which appears on the right hand of Fig. 1 and will be more fully illustrated next week, is built upon seven arches and lighted by six windows. The middle window facing south is of Late Gothic tracery, and it seems (though seventeenth century architects were not incapable of such an imitation) that it was moved,

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ch ore es ow ns ned, with some of the sixteenth century, and earlier, glass, from some other part of the house, perhaps now destroyed, probably from the south end of the Prior's Hall when the gable was removed. The arms of Clarke (argent, on a fess between three crosses sable, three plates) are in this window. This room had originally a door at the north, and presumably a flight of steps to it. It is clear from the chapter books in Dean Rennell's time (1807–40) that reconstructions of the house were undertaken at this date. Not only was "the building called Nell Gwynn's" (of which more anon) "ordered to be taken down," but in the Deanery itself "the south gable end"—of the Prior's Hall, that is—was to be "taken down and rebuilt with two sash windows to the drawing-room. The staircase wall to be taken down and rebuilt on the other side the porch, the roof to be refitted and the staircase, etc., replaced: a passage to be made through one of the vaulted cellars to a new staircase built out in the corner to lead to the drawing-room." It is easy to trace this work to-day. What was then the drawing-room. No doubt the larger part of the Prior's Hall, now the drawing-room, was then used as a dining-room, the only staircase in this part of the house then leading to it. The new staircase gives access to the present dining-room.

house then leading to it. The new staircase gives access to the present dining-room.

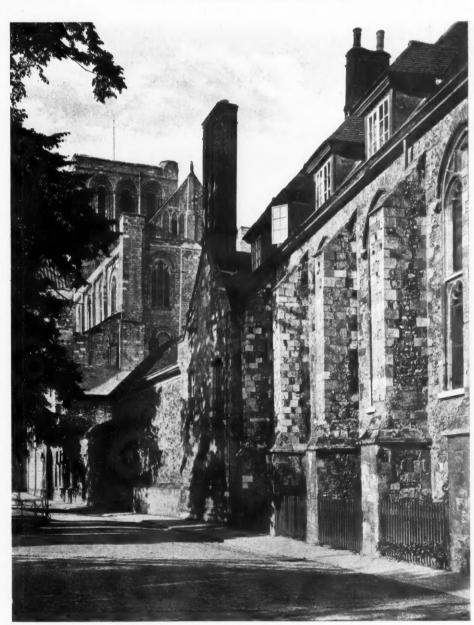
So far, generally, for a bird's eye view of the house and its dates. But a little more detail is desirable, and some criticism of earlier writers, too. First let us get Nell Gwynn out of the way. The story that when it was suggested to Ken, then a prebendary, that she should stay in his house (now pulled down), close to the Deanery, when Charles II was on one of his visits to Dean Meggott, he absolutely refused, and that, in spite of this, Charles insisted on giving the next vacant bishopric to "the little black fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging" is certainly authentic. But it is supposed that Nelly came to Winchester, and near the King, none the less. She is said to have had a house in St. Peter's Street. It is also said that "a small attached room built of brick at the end of the large drawing-room at the Deanery" was her dwelling. This it was which was taken down in 1807. Nell Gwynn, one may be sure, was often in the long gallery, which is now a library. Stretching out eastwards from the main building, it faces south and is, for a dweller in the house, the most attractive room of all. It is well lighted, and from it one sees not only



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5.—CLOISTER ARCHES AND DEANERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 6.-WINDOWS OF THE PRIOR'S HALL (DEANERY). "COUNTRY LIFE."



7.—CORBEL IN THE ROOF OF THE PRIOR'S HALL.



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8.—ROOF OF THE PRIOR'S HALL.

" C.L."

the Deanery garden and the distant hills, the tops of Bishop Morley's palace of Wolvesey and the College, but some of the most characteristic houses and most beautiful trees of the Close.

and most beautiful trees of the Close.

We begin with the purely mediæval part of the house; and what was written by J. H. Parker for the Archæological Institute in 1845 still holds the field. It begins with a mention of the entrance "which has three external arches and a vaulted passage of the time of Henry III." A woodcut shows only the middle arch open, the western and eastern ones filled up with stonework. "The arches are very acute and without shafts; they were originally all open [since 1883 they have been opened again], forming a sort of vestibule to the house, and were probably connected with the cloisters." This last statement seems very doubtful. To continue Parker: "In the spandrels of the arches are narrow lancet niches with the brackets for images remaining; and the arches are flanked by the original buttresses on each side." These are shown in Figs. 1 and 2. These are called by some "The Pilgrims' Cloister," for here the pilgrims who had visited the shrine of St. Swithin were fed from the prior's table. It has been noted, in the admirable book of the Winchester College Archæological Society, that "for this reason it opened not on to the cloister proper, but on to the outer court which secular persons were allowed to enter."

The extreme picturesqueness, as seen both when standing at the front door and looking outwards (Fig. 3), and of the grouping of the inner and outer arcades (Fig. 4) is so fully shown by the illustrations as to need no further insistence.

And now we will enter the house. Ascending the stairs we come to the Prior's Hall, now divided into

And now we will enter the house. Ascending the stairs we come to the Prior's Hall, now divided into drawing-room and dining-room, and (with a ceiling inserted, supported by heavy beams) above them the passage and bedrooms added when the house was altered. Here Parker may again be quoted: "The construction of the roof is very simple, but very good, each pair of principals is supported by a wooden arch" with pierced spandrels, "springing from corbels, about two feet below the wall-plate, these corbels are carved into heads, some of which appear to be intended as portraits of a particular bishop. At the point of this arch is a collar-beam connected with it, and with two braces meeting it in the centre, by which means the whole frame or truss is well tied together, and there is scarcely any more thrust upon the walls than there would be if there was a tiebeam as in modern roofs."

there was a tiebeam as in modern roofs."

Woodward's History of Winchester, which has no date, but was published, I suppose, about sixty years ago, here notes that "the windows, which are lofty, are of two lights, divided by a transom with cinquefoiled arches beneath and the same in the head of the window at the apex of which between two perpendiculars from the two upper arches is a sixfoil." They have the customary seats formed in the sill. "There are five of these windows on the west side and another at the south end, and the wainscotting along the lower part of the walls panelled with the common linen pattern and a screen richly adorned with many cusped arches may still be seen." The length of the original hall is given as 65ft. long and 22ft. broad. There are many traces in it still surviving of a much earlier date than the fifteenth century. But the linen pattern and the screen have disappeared. This part of the description belongs to the present drawing-room; for the dining-room, the more southern part of what was the Prior's Hall, has plain sash windows, inserted in the early nineteenth century, but has lost all its interest as a part of the Prior's Hall.

Prior's Hall, has plain sash windows, inserted in the early nineteenth century, but has lost all its interest as a part of the Prior's Hall.

Ascending by the main staircase we come to the floor which was put at the Restoration just below the corbels from which the timber roof springs, and represents the upper part of the Prior's Hall. In the large bedroom at the end are the corbels already spoken of (see Figs. 7, 9 and 10). The bishop and king represented can hardly be identified. Other heads are found along the passage and in the smaller rooms, but it is only in the largest room that the supports of the original roof can be seen (see Fig. 8). These are of oak felled at Manydown, a

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9.—CORBELS IN THE ROOF OF THE PRIOR'S HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

monastic manor, in 1459. The only other rooms that require mention are those over the entrance arches. These are on two floors. The upper has two rooms opening out of each other, with the Tudor windows unaltered. The lower has two rooms also opening out of a small passage, the smaller quite modernised into Hanoverian taste, the larger still retaining its panels and one of its old windows, with views over the garden and up to St. Giles' Hill eastwards and southwards to Cheyney Court. The "audit-chamber" is the lower floor and seems to have been built towards the end of Elizabeth's reign "to serve as a convenient suite of rooms for the transactions of the business of the Chapter." The early deans, except Sir John Mason, who during his short tenure of office was much abroad on the king's business, were usually unmarried men, and as one of their successors, who was married, suggests,

"were therefore not troubled by the scanty accommodation in the matter of bedrooms."

It appears that so late as the Civil Wars the house had never been seriously altered. Part of it, that part which remained of the connection with the Cathedral on the north, was let to a Mr. Foyle or Fowell, whose wife bitterly complained of being ejected by Dean Hyde (? in 1662). The existing building, which replaces this, may have been erected late in the seventeenth century, but the windows of the present oratory at least seem to be older.

Thus we have described the house succinctly; but its

Thus we have described the house succinctly; but its historical traditions are not so easy to describe or to collect. It is probable that nearly every English sovereign up till the eighteenth century has visited the house, in its ancient or modern form, and several of them have stayed





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10.—CORBELS]: ROOF OF THE PRIOR'S HALL

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in it. At least from the coronation of Edward the Confessor in the Cathedra church, it was the custom of the English kings to "wear the crown" in Winchester Cathedral, and when they did not sleep in the castle they slept at the bishop's palace or in the prior's house, which became the dean's.

As is well known, Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII, was born at Winchester. The king, who was very proud of his Welsh ancestry and had an idea that King Arthur was born at Winchester, often visited the city and no doubt examined the curious Round Table, which has every appearance of having been made, or at least refurbished, for him. He was in the city in 1499 and 1507, but his most famous visit was for the birth and christening of his son in 1486. No doubt he then stayed at the castle, but the city records show that "the Prior's great Hall" was used as "the Queen's great chamber" where the procession was marshalled before proceeding to the Cathedral for the christening.

The most famous instances of Royal visits to the Deanery are those of Queen Mary's husband and of the later Stewarts. On Monday, July 23rd, 1554, King Philip II

of Sir John Mason, whom the books ordinarily call "the lay dean," though he was really in minor orders, and did not therefore rank at all as a layman. The dean's house, says a contemporary letter, "was very gorgeously prepared for him."

Queen Mary was all the time staying at the Bishop's castle

Queen Mary was all the time staying at the Bishop's castle of Wolvesey, across the little stream which runs now at the east end of the dean's garden, separated from the Bishop's land by a high wall. Through this a door had been made, it is said somewhere, for the occasion, and a manuscript once in the archives of Louvain (does it still exist?) tells that "about nine in the evening, the Earl of Arundel, with the great chamberlain paid" the king "a visit, and after some conversation, being joined by the Count of Egmont, conducted the prince to the queen secretly. This was the first time they had seen each other." John Elder, clerk, whose letter has already been quoted, tells of the interview (when they spoke, says another, in the Spanish tongue, which Mary, of course, knew from her mother) thus, much more fully. The account of the two days before the wedding is worth quoting in full:

Thys nighte, after he had sopped, at x. of the clocke (as I am crediblye informed), he was brought by the counsell a privie waye



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11.-THE LIME AVENUE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Spain, soon to be known as Philip I of England, arrived in the city from Southampton, accompanied, says the relation of the Venetian Ambassador, "by many marquises, dukes, earls and other lords and gentlemen, besides those from Spain, having with him upwards of a thousand horse." He rede "on a faire white horse, in a riche coate embroidered with gold, his doublet, hosen and hat suite-like, with a white fether in his hat very faire." He was first received by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor, and five other bishops. It was six o'clock, and after he had made his devotion to the Holy Sacrament, and the choir, with the organs, had greeted him with "Laus, honor et virtus" and sung "Te Deum," "he was brought with torch-light to the dean's house, the lordes going before him, and the quenes garde in their riche coats standing al the way." He must have passed from the south door, through the cloister, and to the archways of the present entrance. The dean then was, it seems, Edward Steward, LL.D., who had been installed in the previous March in the place

to the quene where her grace verye lovyngly, yea, and most joyfullye receyved him. And after they had talked together half an hour they kissed and departed. I am crediblie informed also that at his departing he desired the quenes highnes to teache hym what he should say to the lordes in English at his departing; and she told him he should say "Good night, my lordes all." And as he came by the lordes he said as the quene had taught him.

said as the quene had taught him.

So the nexte tuesdaye, at three of the clocke, he went to the quene from the deanes house afote, where every body might see him; the lord stewarde, the erle of Darbey, the erle of Pembroke, with divers other lordes and noblemenne, as well Englishe as others, went before him, he going alone, in a cloke of blacke cloth embrodred with silver, and a paire of white hose. And after that he had entred the courte, where all kinde of instrumentes played very melodiously, and came within the hal, where the quenes majesty was standing on a skafhold, her highnes descended, and amiably receaving him, did kisse him in presence of all the people, and then taking him by the right hande, they went together in the chaumber of presence, where after they had, in sighte of all of the lordes and ladies, a quarter of an houre pleasantly talked and communed together, under the cloth of estate, and each of them merily smylyng on other, to the greate comforte and rejoising of the beholders, he toke his leve of her grace, and departed towardes the cathedrall churche to evensong, all the lordes (as I have said) going

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h is before him: where also from the courte hal dore to the courte gate, all the pensioners and the garde (as he and the lordes went) stode all along on both sides the waye. Evensong being done, he was very princely brought from the Churche with torche-lyghte unto the deanes

The next day followed the wedding in the cathedral, after which the queen and her husband, of whom she was to see so little, stayed at the Bishop's palace till their departure from the city.

BEDS._I

STEPS IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE TUDOR BED

R. MACQUOID has told us that the table and the bed "have been the two articles of furniture symbolical of domestic law and custom ever since the Roman Era." It is our purpose in this article to trace the evolution of the earliest beds still in use from the mediæval type, and the first rude substitutes for the ground may safely be neglected by the student of furniture. It is true that throughout the Middle / ges and down into modern times the throughout the Middle I ges and down into modern times the bed of men of low estate remained essentially unchanged — a boarded box filled with straw on which the few poor clothes of the husbandman and labourer were spread; it was indeed nothing in itself and there was no inducement to preserve it. In out of the way corners, in lofts and barns, the fragments of such beds lie crumbling into dust, but their primitive character makes no appeal to the collector. The "truckle," "trundle" or "whieled," for all its severe simplicity, was often the resting-place of exalted persons. The humble satellite of a magnificent contemporary, its use is suggested by its name, and by day it was designed to roll under the State bed. The precise nature of the "trussing bed" of innumerable inventories is unknown to us, for the illuminator has not perpetuated the mechanism, but it was intended for travel and made to fold up. In Cardinal Wolsey's case it for travel and made to fold up. In Cardinal Wolsey's case it was of fairly solid construction, for among his effects it is mentioned with "4 posts partly gilte and paynted."

From these two forms the State bed of Gothic times was distinguished rather by the character of its furniture than by any difference in the the principles of construction. When the noble and princely testators of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries bequeathed their beds to their successors it was not of the "bedstok" or wooden frame that they thought, but of the hangings on which time and labour had been lavished so freely. These same hangings were an integral part of the decoration of the room, and the apparel of the bed with "all hallynges belongyng to ye saide bed and chamber" is a frequent form in such bequests. That the bed should play its part in the decorative scheme was only to be expected, for in the mediæval domestic economy rooms set apart for sleeping in were unknown. Bedchambers are occasionally mentioned in the Liberate Rolls of the fourteenth century as if they served a distinct purpose, but even in Elizabeth's time it was customary to place a bed in every room and the Great Chamber was never without one. They were certainly freely used as couches and seats in the daytime, and the curtains are generally shown looped up for the sake of convenience at one if not both corners (Fig. 4).

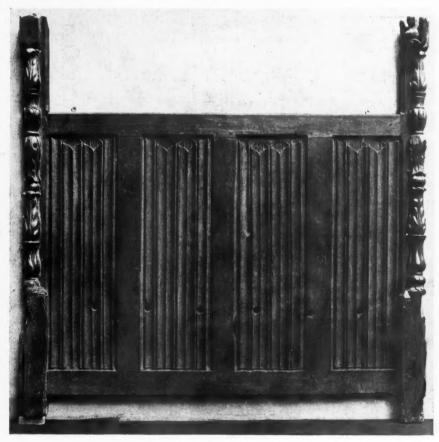
At the head of the bed was a "celour" of silk, damask, or linen, while the eyes of the sleeper on waking looked up at some curious device embroidered on the "tester." It must be allowed that there is a conflict of opinion among antiquaries on the proper use of these terms. More than one editor seeks to derive ceiling from "celour" or one of its numerous equivalents and Mr.

that there is a conflict of opinion among antiquaries on the proper use of these terms. More than one editor seeks to derive ceiling from "celour," or one of its numerous equivalents, and Mr. Ernest Law appears to favour such an interpretation in his admirable history of Hampton Court; but in the majority of cases the context, I think, is against them. The matter could only be disposed of by a copious citation of inventories, but Canon Raine and Mr. Halliwell (both antiquaries of the first rank) will have "tester" to be the canopy, and their view is shared by Mr. Oliver Baker, who has given convincing proof of his minute and scholarly knowledge of all that affects the domestic shared by Mr. Onver Baker, who has given convincing proof of his minute and scholarly knowledge of all that affects the domestic life of the Middle Ages.

To the "celour" and "tester" we should add the curtains, and we then have the complete bed in the sense in which our



I.—Four posts at South Kensington carved with pomegranates and Late Gothic foliage. The two at the back are grooved to support a wainscot head date about 1520.



2.—Posts and linenfold panels forming foot of a bed at South Kensington. The figure on the right-hand post is probably intended for an eagle, the symbol of St. John. Early sixteenth century.

ancestors understood it. There was, indeed, a light framework of wood which, with cords attached to the ceiling served to support the draperies; but by this they set no store and it is never mentioned in their inventories. From the fourteenth century onwards "testers" and "celours" are met with in an infinite variety of woven and embroidered magnificence. Sometimes the "pieces of Imagerie" are set variety of woven and embroidered magnificence. Sometimes the "pieces of Imagerie" are set down as "the heads of leopards of gold with boughs and leaves issuing out of their mouths," or again it will be "animals called Grifons," or (lest it should be supposed that the bed was a kind of mediæval Bestiary) the hangings will be worked with flowers or the "iiij Evangelistis." To suppose that the apostrophe to the four in the nursery rhyme originated in this last device is at least a pardonable fancy.

fancy.

The curtains were frequently suspended by rings from the "tester," and that they might be drawn backwards and forwards poles or "beltis of yren" were provided. But, perhaps, because the "tester" was ill adapted perhaps, because the "tester" was ill adapted to resist a hasty jerk, it was a common practice to raise and lower them from the ceiling by cords. The sides and ends of the cak-framed "bedstok" were perforated with holes, through which were drawn the ropes that supported the occupant, and into the trough-like form of the bed was fitted the stupendous weight of quilts and blankets, sheets and coverlets.

trough-like form of the bed was fitted the stupendous weight of quilts and blankets, sheets and coverlets.

This was the type of the mediæval bed, which remained unchanged until the sixteenth century. Within the next fifty years three new features, amounting almost to a total transformation, made their appearance, and as a consequence the bed took on its Elizabethan aspect. The change may be briefly summarised as the substitution of wood for fabric in the principal parts. First came the posts at the four corners and then, at no great interval, the head was filled up with carved panelling. Whether the celour or tester was first introduced it is impossible to determine, but it is, perhaps, worth noting that none of the few Early Tudor beds that survive retain the latter feature. In a rapid survey of the successive steps in the evolution we must eschew the temptation to draw up a precise chronology. As in Gothic architecture the Perpendicular was fully established in the Midlands, while yet unknown in the North, so the maker of beds advanced towards Elizabethan solidity with many a glance backward to an earlier fashion. We are not even justified in assuming that the novelties of the sixteenth century owed nothing to the past. In this connection the four bedposts which ward to an earlier fashion. We are not even justified in assuming that the novelties of the sixteenth century owed nothing to the past. In this connection the four bedposts which stand in a row supporting the west gallery of St. Mary's Church, Broughton, Cheshire, must not be overlooked. In an illustrated monograph the Rev. John Timbrell confidently claims them for a date between 1461 and 1483 chiefly on account of the evidence afforded by the heraldic escutcheons with which they are decorated. His interpretation of the arms and badges has convinced him that the bed belonged to Henry VII, and was made about the time of his marriage to Elizabeth of York. However this may be, and I am disposed to date them at least twenty years later, they are certainly of the highest interest and importance, and as St. Mary's is a modern church it is greatly to be wished that they might be added to the collection at South Kensington. The mediaval designer was a confirmed experimenter and his work resists a rigid classification. In Norman times, when we look for a pallet stretched on the ground, he presents for a pallet stretched on the ground, he presents



BED WITH CYLINDRICAL CANOPY. FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



4.-- A CANOPIED CHAIR OR BED WITH LOOPED UP CURTAIN.



5 .- A DRAPED BED OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

From a French or Burgundian manuscript in the British Museum, showing that the mediæval chamber was not exclusively set apart for sleeping in.

4.—A bed with the tester suspended from the ceiling and showing curtain looped up at corner, from a MS. in the British Museum of Xenophon's "Anabasis" written in France for Henry VII.

A bed with draperies and a low panelled head, from a Book of Hours, which belonged to Henry VII, in the British Museum.

us with a passable imitation of the panelled back, and beds with wagon-tilt canopies were among his inventions in the fifteenth century. The inventories of that date abound in references to "stande beddes," an indication, one would suppose, that a more stable form of construction was already taking shape, and a back of late Gothic panelling is occasionally to be found in

of the Broughton posts, I know of no set still in existence of the Broughton posts, I know of no set still in existence which may safely be assigned to a date before the accession of Henry VIII.

In the South Kensington Museum Mr. Clifford Smith, aided by the generosity of Mr. Philipps, has brought together a collection of such posts, which are of the highest importance for the proper understanding of the Tudor bed. It is true that there is a gap in the sequence, for the Museum does not possess a complete

the sequence, for the Museum does not possess a complete set which is earlier than the introduction of the wainscot head. The four seen in Fig. 1 date from a time when "a corded bedsted carved" is of frequent occurrence in inventories. Their decorative motifs were very fully discussed by Mr. Aylmer Vallance in the Burli good Morgazia some years ago, but here we are primarily concerned with the evidence of construction that they afford. concerned with the evidence of construction that they afford. Those at the head are treated respond fashion. They were clearly designed to support a wainscot head? for they are grooved throughout their length, and at the level of the bosses the clear that he were the slots that the were the slots that the slots that the were the slots that the slots that the were the slots that housed the horizontal bar are perforated with holes for wooden pegs. They may certainly be dated prior to Henry's divorce from Catherine of Aragon in 1535, for the bosses are pomegranates realistithough purely of Renaissance contour, are diapered with Gothic foliage of the traditional type. These posts have a high evidential value and were cheap at £40, the price paid for them by the Museum.

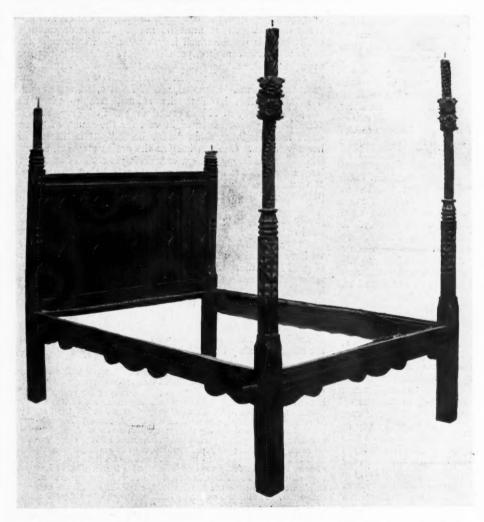
The next illustration shows a pair of about the same date, a pair of about the same date, but in this case they appear to represent the foot of the bed and flank linen pattern panels of a familiar type. Beds of this date, in which the actual framework has survived, are exceedingly rare, and a minute examination will commonly reveal some part of the structure to be a later addition. structure to be a later addition.
That shown in Fig. 7 was formerly in the possession of Mr.
Angell of Bath, and the cabelled Angell of Bath, and the cabelled posts with their cusped and fluted plinths are of unusual excellence. It will help us to realise the appearance of a complete bed, but in the wainscot the arrangement of the linen folds at the angles and the spacing of the gival openings in relation to the stiles arouse relation to the stiles arouse suspicion. We know that the wainscot head had been introduced by the designer in the opening years of the century. A "sillour del waynscot" is included among the goods of Master Martin Colyns, Treasurer of York in 1508, and the Vyne inventory in 1541 mentions "i trussing bed of waynscot with iiij pillars carved." As the furniture is often described as being "sore worn," and Lord being "sore worn," and Lord Sandys had furnished the house about 1515 or 1520, the bed prob-ably dated from the first quarter of the century. In the dining-room at Castle Hedingham a panelled head and side posts

(Fig. 6) have been converted into an overmantel, and nothing is known of the magnificent bed of an overmanter, and nothing is known of the magnificent bed of which they once formed a part. This invaluable example has been illustrated and fully described by Mr. Macquoid in the first volume of his "History of English Furniture," but as the arms of Edward VI appear in conjunction with those of the De Veres, it is nearly half a century later than the first appearance of the wainscot head.

RAIDH FRWARDS of the wainscot head. RALPH EDWARDS.



6.—Overmantel in the dining-room at Castle Hedingham which once formed the back of a bed and is carved with the arms and initials of Edward VI.



7.—Bed of the early sixteenth century, formerly in the possession of Mr. Angell of Bath. It is probable that the frame and back are not original.

block books and manuscripts. The Speculum Humanæ Salvationis of 1474, shown in this year's winter exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, contains a representation of a bed without the overhead draperies. The back is low and formed of framed-up panels, surmounted by a cornice and cresting; the side posts terminating in squat finials are strikingly substantial and fully developed. But with the single and doubtful exception

WOMAN'S CHOICE **MODERN**

ISS FRIEDLAENDER'S novel, Mainspring (Collins), justifies the expectation that she needed only a broader canvas than a short story to secure a high place among the exponents of English literature. Disregarding those cheaper arts by which popularity and money reward are too often achieved, she has chosen to write an epic reward are too often achieved, she has chosen to write an epic of the present day with a typical woman of the period as chief character. We are using the word "epic" in the sense imparted to it by Henry Fielding when he claimed that, except in regard to rhyme, the modern prose novel is essentially the same as the epic of an earlier time. Byron most likely had the passage in his mind when he described Henry Fielding as the "prose Homer of human life." The author of "Tom Jones" followed a fashion that is almost universal in setting forth "the progress of some male or female person towards matrimony." Miss Friedlaender has done something very different. Her book of adventures is the story of a woman who places the work on which she has set her mind higher than marriage. It is by no means a cold or deliberate choice. Bridget Gale started life without any preconceived theory or ambition. She is an entirely human personage even when a little girl of eleven. Beautiful, full of fun and of childlike audacity, she only begins at that early age to see what high conduct means. Her father is the unconscious and unwilling teacher—a more biting picture of a false priest we have never come across. He is the father of two little girls, and with a pretence of piety, used only to conceal a lust of cruelty that is the very essence of his character, he uses the rod unmercifully to correct their smallest transgressions. Bridget, who is one of those clever analytic girls met with rarely, it is true, but never without creating a great impression on spirits kindred to her own, has seen to the very bottom of her father's soul, but at a critical moment she is told by one of her elders, who becomes her truest and most faithful friend, that when she gets into a scrape, as she has done at the time of speaking, "People always have to pay for things they do, even when they're grown up. But if you pay without—without fuss it makes you feel more decent somehow, doesn't it?" She seizes the expression "without fuss" as an explanation of her own conduct when she is unable to cry when innocently punished.

On the same night, for an offence that sensible parents would not regard as an offence, she was fastened to a board and lashed till she fainted, but she crammed part of her dress into her mouth lest pain should force her to plead guilty. It is the most brutal scene in the book and might scare some readers from continuing, but its artistic purpose is fulfilled. The girl through that torture received a priceless strengthening of her character. She recovered from her faint to find her father reduced to terror. He was one of those mean cowards who dread publicity more than anything else in the world. It would have been ruin to the sleek clergyman. Thus Bridget won a moral victory. A consequence was that she and her sister were sent to a boarding school. She had crept out of her little room through a window and gone to her godmother's-we had almost said fairy godmother—who had already become an ardent and wondering admirer. The little girl was not old enough to understand an inscription placed under a portrait her godmother had made

These are the hills, these are the woods, These are my starry solitudes.

It was a relief from the burden of home to enter St Cecilia's, the name of the school, and for a session Bridget and her little sister Anne were model pupils, and the beautiful and amiable Anne retained her position in the hearts of girls and mistresses as long as they remained at the school. But genius is different; it is at once its glory and its punishment, to be misunderstood and ill-treated. Carlyle's mother spoke the truth in her own homely way when she said that her son Thomas was "gey ill to live with". The very essence of genius is that it comes into to live with." The very essence of genius is that it comes into the world perfectly free. While those who do not possess it are content to walk along the paths that tradition has laid down for them and to follow the conventions in their attitude to life, the possessor of genius dislikes all those worn paths and fixed ideas. Originality consists in looking at everything from an individual and therefore fresh standpoint. Bridget was not in sympathy with the rules and general spirit of the school, nor did she harmonise very well with girls who were modelled essentially on a single pattern. She was glad to get away from St Cecilia's. A French school to which she was sent was much more to her mind:

There were gaieties, too, at the Pension Beau-Séjour—concerts and theatres, days in the country, soirées and little dances to which the girls might invite their male relatives and studio companions, and at which the safety was allowed to lie in numbers rather than in any conspicuous surveillance. Most things, indeed, at the Pension had an air of happy casualness to a girl accustomed to the highly-strung,

strenuous, curriculum-ridden atmosphere of St Cecilia's. Bridget blossomed in it, as in an air native to her. All things conspired to bring her out. She made the discovery that here, too, as at Troy House, she was considered "clever"—a fact that St Cecilia's had deliberately and successfully concealed from her. And the knowledge of it did her no harm. On the contrary, it steadied her, made her more "clever." Encouragement was as yet a need of her nature, for all her training had gone to foster an excessive humility and self-distrust.

It will be perceived that Bridget is by no means the thinblooded, coldly intellectual person to whom the other side of life, that in which a woman completes her destiny by becoming wife and mother, was indifferent. On the contrary, she was of the warm blood that drew her to that destiny, although it always happened that when the critical moment arrived it was work, her drawing, that proved more to her than marriage. She had her lovers. There was a Louis Nelson, a youth of prodigious cleverness, who developed a great admiration for her. One day, after eulogising her "most glorious eyes," he asked permission to make her portrait, a request at which her heart "jumped for pleasure," but the picture brought disaster to the love affair. She recoiled from it:

The sketch was clever, technically clever; it was her body, her head, her eyes. But through them all showed some dreadful stranger; they were informed by a soul that was not hers—a horrible, unclean soul, a soul that she was not experienced enough to realise was Louis' own. For Louis had drawn her in the only way that he could see her; the more he liked a woman, the more he saw her so. And therefore he had made Bridget seductive; he had made her a siren; he had destroyed her personality, her blossoming charm that was already a free, direct thing—with wings.

She hated the drawing, hated the artist. "I think it's beastly," was her comment, and Louis, "hurt in his monumental vanity," was killed as a lover; others followed with kindred results.

These, however, were but the flirtations through which every young girl goes before she comes to the critical moment when a serious choice must be made. The strongest part of the book is that in which her devotion to her lover seems to be utter and complete, yet she discovers that it is not her mainspring after all, and turns away towards art. In the epic of old, the deeds of the hero culminate usually in some great feat of arms. Odysseus, son of Laertes, arrived at such a moment when he slew the suitors, Achilles when he whirled the body of Hector round the walls of Troy, Roland when he fought and listened in vain for the sound of "that dread horn on Fontarabian deserts borne." It is the last of her adventures. One can imagine the ordinary reader, always athirst for the happy ending, considering it a kind of tragedy, but surely that is to look at the matter in the light of a past age. It would be a tragedy indeed if all women, or even a large percentage of them, turned away from the natural functions to follow an intellectual career, since not one in a million could justify it; but your great hero in knightly adventure was also one in a million.

In this brief summary of the aims of Miss Friedlaender we have omitted to mention much that will delight every lover of good literature. Scarcely an allusion has been made to the variety of characters and their finished portraiture. Every one bears the imprint of a creative mind, and her whom we call the fairy godmother, and the two girls named the Princess, must take a place in every gallery of fine literary portraits. So must her husband. So must the Reverend James Gale and Hugh Kennedy; portraits bitten in with acid. The book indeed is a mine of literary treasure.

Shakespeare Adaptations. With an introduction and notes by Montague Summers. (Jonathan Cape, 15s.)

THE Rev. Montague Summers' zeal for the Restoration drama is well known, and his previous books testify to the excellence of Mr. Cape's printers and binders. Of the three plays here reprinted, the first, by Davenant and Dryden, produced at the Duke's House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1667, is decidedly the most worth reading. The principal additions, teste Dryden's preface, were suggested and for the most part written by Davenant; they are Hippolito, one that never saw woman, and Dorinda, a younger sister to Miranda, neither of whom had ever seen another man than Prospero, though Hippolito had resided as long as they on the island. The other chief alteration is the survival of the ship's crew, who form the comic trio, beloved of seventeenth century dramatists. The Mock Tempest, by Duffett, is no more worthy the name of an adaptation of Shakespeare than "Round in Fifty" is of Jules Verne. It is a bawdy burlesque. Nahum Tate's Lear is what one imagines it would be—more swept than Duffett, but less garnished than Dryden. The object of these adaptations, leaving out of account The Mock Tempest, is succinctly phrased in Tate's dedication: ". . I must have incumbered my Stage with dead Bödies, which conduct makes many Tragedies conclude with unseasonable Jests." Restoration diamatists were, generally speaking, unwilling to risk failure in tragedies while Shakespeare's were still as popular as ever. To supply the unceasing demand for light plays they therefore resorted to adapting masterpieces so as not unduly to stir their patrons. Mr. Summer's Introduction is a monument—in the modern style—of research; some of it interesting, some of it not in the least. It is a pity he did not bear in mind the opening words of Dryden's Preface to the first play in

the volume: "The writing of Prefaces to plays was invented . . . perhaps by some Ape of French eloquence, who uses to make a Business of a Letter of gallantry, an Examen of a Farce; and, in short, a great pomp and ostentation of words in every trifle."

BOOKS WORTH READING.

Aspects and Impressions, by Edmund Gosse. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)
The Edge of the Jungle, by William Beebe. (Witherby, 12s. 6d.)
Since Cézanne, by Clive Bell. (Chatto and Windus, 7s.)

Mr. Punch's History of Modern England, Vols. 3 and 4, by C. L. Graves. (Cassell, in 4 vols., £3 3s.)

The Eton College Hunt, by A. C. Crossley. (Spottiswoode, Ballantyne 7s. 6d.)

Arabia, by D. G. Hogarth. (Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d.)

FICTION.

Mainspring, by V. H. Friedlaender. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)
The Foster-Mother, by Ernest Pérochon. (Philpot, 6s.)
Peter, by E. F. Benson. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)

IMPRESSIONS OF "GRAND MILITARY" STEEPLECHASING

NOTES ON THE GRAND NATIONAL.



MR. W. FILMER-SANKEY ON PAY ONLY (LEFT) WINNING THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP FROM BROKEN WAND AND DELIRIUM (RIGHT)

EFORE passing on to the subject of the Grand National to be decided to-day (Friday) it may be of interest to write a few impressions gained at the Grand Military Steeplechase Meeting at Sandown Park last week-end. What was far more impressive than the racing was the size of the crowd on both days and especially on Gold Cup Day, when the King and Queen honoured the gathering with their presence. The racing was so moderate and indicated such an absence of new blood, both in men and horses, that one must have some concern for the future

presence. The racing was so moderate and indicated such an absence of new blood, both in men and horses, that one must have some concern for the future of this most sporting fixture. Especially must this be so when we bear in mind the cuts in the size of the Army and the regiments which are to go. That fact must narrow the sources of supply from which this meeting can be made a success by reason of plenty of competition. Last week the Household Brigade had all the say in the destination of the prizes, and more than ever is this likely to be so in future. We must take these things into account in looking back on the sort of racing which was served up last week. The simple fact is that the class of soldier's horse good enough to run at Sandown Park simply does not exist in sufficient numbers to-day. Owners and riders, too, are comparatively few, and personally, I do not contemplate the future of Military steeplechasing at

so in future. We must take these things into account in looking back on the sort of racing which was served up last week. The simple fact is that the class of soldier's horse good enough to run at Sandown Park simply does not exist in sufficient numbers to-day. Owners and riders, too, are comparatively few, and personally, I do not contemplate the future of Military steeplechasing at Sandown Park with much confidence.

The Grand Military Gold Cup had exactly the same result as a year ago. It was won for the second year in succession by Mr. Filmer-Sankey, of the Life Guards, on his mare Pay Only. She had earned the full penalties and therefore carried 13st. She is just a useful mare in good steeplechasing class, and that she won must be attributed to the poverty of the opposition, which stopped short at three, of which one came to grief very early in the race. Both Pay Only and her owner-rider represent an admirable combination and their triumphs are well deserved, but one may,

nevertheless, hope for a stiffer opposition to them a year hence, or the state of Military steeplechasing will be lower than it is suspected of being at the present time. Loch Allen, the winner with his owner, Captain Vivian, in the saddle of the Grand Military Handicap, is a horse that has shown up well in a Grand National. Both the chief winners at the meeting, therefore, were very well known outside exclusively Military races.



W. A. Rouch

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PAY ONLY, WINNER OF THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP FOR TWO YEARS IN SUCCESSION.

The Allies Steeplechase was far from being a success. The conception of it a year ago was excellent, but it has not caught on except with the Belgians. Thus only half a dozen could be found to compete on this occasion, and half of them belonged to the same man. One of the three happened to be much the to the same man. One of the three happened to be much the best horse in the field, and with a very able rider on him—the same Count d'Oultremont who won the race on his own horse last year—the result, bar a fall, was a foregone conclusion. The idea of the race may now have served its object, and as the Allies, as a whole, have shown they do not appreciate it and really do not want it, there can be no useful object in continuing The money thus saved can surely be used in a far

more useful way.

Before leaving the subject of the Meeting at Sandown Park I must not omit to pay a tribute to the grand hurdling performance of Trespasser, which for the second year in succession performance of Trespasser, which for the second year in succession won the Imperial Cup under 12st. 7lb. and actually now won the Cup for the third year in succession. This horse, therefore, is surely the super-hurdler of the period and must be at least 14lb. in front of any other. He is now a six year old of splendid physique, with the knack of jumping hurdles at an undiminished speed. He has only been seen over hurdles twice in the last two years, and each time an Imperial Cup went to his fortunate owner, Mr. Heybourn. I recall that after his victory a year ago he was immediately exploited on the Flat during the coming week at Liverpool. He was beaten a head for the Liverpool week at Liverpool. He was beaten a head for the Liverpool Cup, but he owed his defeat, in my opinion, to indifferent jockeyship. A little later he came to Kempton Park to compete for the Queen's Prize, and this he won, ridden by Carslake. He is a horse that wants a man on his back. He would not do

PLAN OF GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE COURSE. DISTANCE ABOUT 4 MILES 856 YARDS. All the fences in the "National" course are thorn. spruce as indicated. They are faced with gorse, fir or

anything for a light weight, which is the reason that he is so very much better, relatively, as a hurdler than he is as a flat racer.

What of the Grand National? A most open race, I call it, and very different, in spite of the favouritism of Southampton, from the years when Jerry M., Poethlyn and Troytown were destined to win. One thing is quite certain: there is much faith among many people that Shaun Spadah can win again under 12st. 3lb., which is 10lb. more than he carried a year ago. Inder 12st. 3lb., which is rolb. more than he carried a year ago. There is no sounder reasoning, where this race is concerned, than to take sides with those horses that have already done well over the course. It is why Shaun Spadah finds much favour now, rather than on what we have seen of him in the interval between last year's race and this. Following that line of argument, which, in the present entry, can be accepted as having shown some proof of ability to jump the very stiff country? They can be named as follows: Shaun Spadah, Norton, Clonree, Clashing Arms, All White, Sergeant Murphy, The Turk II, General Saxham, Forewarned, and perhaps one or two more. Norton, Clashing Arms, Clonree and General Saxham have won minor races over the course, at distances, of course, under that of the "National." Sergeant Murphy has always been plodding along in more than one National, and he must at least be accepted with respect now, especially as he is probably bigger and fitter than he has ever been. I am inclined to wipe out General Saxham because he is so very am inclined to wipe out General Saxham because he is so very erratic, and Clonree and Norton because they may not get the course. All White's jumping cannot be depended upon. I think Shaun Spadah has been set too big a task this time and, therefore, shall fall back on Clashing Arms, The Turk II and

They are all trained by the Hon. Aubrey Hastings Forewarned. who has won the race twice before, once when he rode Ascetic's Silver, which he also trained, and later with Ally Sloper, which was ridden by Jack Anthony in the colours of Lady Nelson.

Of the three named I eliminate The Turk II, because he has not the speed and the class of the other two. He may do or the speed and the class of the other two. He may do very well and even struggle into a place again, especially should there be a lot of falling, but there will surely be something better to account for him. For Forewarned it can be said that he ran awfully well for a long way a year ago until brought down, and there is an idea that he is a better horse now. His great trouble, however, is that he has bad legs, but for which his trainer thinks he would be a really great 'chaser. There was more trouble after the horse ran at Gatwick a little while ago, but it has yielded to treatment, and I may be divulging no secret if I suggest that he is the fancy of his trainer. I prefer Clashing Arms, first, because I would always have the greatest respect for anything that Jack Anthony, who is such a great jockey round Liverpool, chose to ride. He could have had the mount on Southampton, but instead he has chosen to ride his brother's horse. I also like Clashing Arms because he is a great jumper and has knowledge of the course; but I dislike him for the reason that he is a tear-away sort that may beat himself before the fences and the distance would beat him were he a normal horse in this respect. But I remember having the himself before the fences and the distance would peat him were he a normal horse in this respect. But I remember having the same doubt about Troytown, which was a hard puller, and where Clashing Arms is concerned it is quite possible that the big fences will steady and sober him. If that be so, then look out

Clashing Arms is concerned in as quantifences will steady and sober him. If that be so, then look our for him at the winning post.

I come now to others that have not the credentials of successful experience of the course, but which must be much considered for other and quite powerful reasons. Southampton, for instance. He is the public's favourite and looks like remaining so to the time of starting. It is undoubtedly against him that he has no knowledge of the course, but a good horse will overcome that, and there are many good judges who think Southampton is the best steeplechaser we have seen for some years. The first idea was to let him make acquaintance with the course and the fences by easy stages. Thus he was to have missed the "National" this year and run instead for the Champion Steeplechase on the day following. One wonders why, therefore, Lord Woolavington's trainer should

Champion Steeplechase on the day following. One wonders why, therefore, Lord Woolavington's trainer should have entered him for the race in the first instance. Naturally the public would assume that there was a desire to win the race for which he had been entered! The horse's jumping was criticised when last he ran in public, which was at Hurst Park, but it was good enough to let him win very easily, and, anyhow, it is a fact that the horse is unbeaten as a steeplethat the horse is unbeaten as a steeple-

chaser.

Wavertree's best performance of the present season was when he just beat Garryvoe and Clashing Arms at Gatwick. Garryvoe and Clashing Arms at Gatwick. I shall discard him, as I do not think he cares about Liverpool. Music Hall has serious claims and sound reasons could be advanced in his favour. Perhaps a drawback is that he has been given plenty of weight, and that A Double Escape has a reasonable chance of beating him on what was seen of the principle ago. Arravale is extremely well

two at Hurst Park a fortnight ago. Arravale is extremely well handicapped, as I have all along maintained, and if Mr. Topham had to make the handicap over again I fancy he would ask him to carry more than 10st. 10lb. This horse has fallen over the course before, but his trainer, who is to ride him, says that he is a far more efficient jumper now. Providing he escapes trouble, I do not think Shaun Spadah, to name only one, would have any pretension to give him 21lb. Something can be said for such as Ocean Star, Vaulx, Hard Nail and Grey Dawn V, but my choice must rest between Southampton and Clashing

Arms.

Before closing these notes this week I should like to be allowed to pay a small tribute to the great amount of good the late Lord Manton did in an incredibly short time for racing and breeding in this country. My notes of a week ago had gone to press when the report of his dreadfully tragic death was received. It is most sincerely to be lamented, for he was a generous and most valued supporter of racing. His achievements, compressed into a brief period of three years, have been the subject of much comment elsewhere, and to travel over them now would be no more than reiteration. But whenever we think of that famous training establishment in Wiltshire, from which he took his name when raised to the Peerage, and when from time to time the names of that wonderful little mare, Love in Idleness, and that good Grand Prix winner, Lemonora, are mentioned, we shall think also of the upright gentleman and sportsman whose association with breeding and racing was uplifting in every sense and whose loss is likely to be felt for a long time to come.

Philippos.

SIR, whi

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CORRESPONDENCE

WILD ELEPHANTS AND THE CAMERA IN EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—In answer to Mr. Maxwell's letter, in which he seems to be more than a little sceptical about my having seen 2,000 elephants gathered together in one place, I will content myself with a few quotations from that exhaustive work, "Ivory and the Elephant": P. 208, "Egyptian-Sudan . . . in the part south of 10 N. lat., a careful estimate placing the number at 30,000. The rainy season commonly induces a considerable migration . . ." P. 439, ". . . statistics for 1908 London market 214 tons, Antwerp 227 tons of ivory were sold." P. 445, ". . . total importation into Germany of 315.7 tons of ivory in 1912 . . ." P. 448, ". . . import into U.S.A. 1911 534,300lb." P. 455, "Total imports of animal ivory into G. Britain in 1910 1,120,000lbs." P. 469, ". . in 1912 the weight of the exported ivory from the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan was 106,755 kilos. This 1,120,00010s. P. 409, ... in 1012 the weight of the exported ivory from the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan was 106,755 kilos. This would indicate the killing of 4,000 elephants in the latter year . . . if we figure on the ascertained average of about 13½ kilos for each tusk." P. 441, "The Governor-General of French Equatorial Africa reported recently . . . the ivory exports amount to about 100 tons annually." These figures will show, Ithink, that there are very considerable numbers of elephant in Africa, especially when we remember that the Indian, Japanese and other markets are also supplied from the same source and that these supplies have been forthcoming for centuries. There is nothing wildly improbable in 2,000 elephant being seen together. I hope Mr. Maxwell will have the luck to see some such magnificent sight and that he will obtain for us all a photographic record of it.—W. D. M. Bell.

BIRDS AT HIGH ALTITUDES.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. F. D. Harford, in your issue of March 11th, considerably understates the altitude at which I saw a Lammergeier (Bearded vulture) in the Himalayas. When I was taking photographs at our highest camp on the Lhakpala (22,35oft.) I saw a Lammergeier come sailing high over the top of the North Peak of Mount Everest, i.e., at a height of well above 24,000ft.—probably nearer 25,000ft. It might interest you to know that when we were at our advanced base camp (17,300ft.) in the Kharta Valley, a few miles east of Mount Everest, I heard migrating birds flying over at night and clearly distinguished the notes of godwits and curlews. Those birds must have come over mountains of at least must have come over mountains of at least 20,000ft. in altitude.—A. F. R. WOLLASTON.

EARLY WILD FLOWERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The early part of March is always full of interest for botanists in general and the members of the Wild Flower Society in particular—for whom it marks the opening of the collectors' season. It is just a quarter of a century since this little society was founded by a few enthusiasts in Cumberland, as their privately printed magazine proudly records. Not a few of our best field botanists of to-day began their training in the Wild Flower Society. Full many a "county record" has been won and valuable observation made by several tireless workers, as may be seen at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, among the flowers dried in sand. Printed papers on special subjects by individual members have been published, besides useful articles in the magazine. The commencement of their twenty-sixth year opened as usual on March 1st, a date which seems to equalise the differences in climate between the North and South of England. It was at once apparent that the season is a late one. The absence of many flowers usually in bloom now decided me to search for quality rather than quantity. In many of the Society's branches double marks are given for numbers of "early finds" by way of encouragement. Botanical rambles and long cycle rides in March weather make some demand on energy and perseverance; twenty-five miles in a high wind, with rain squalls at intervals, was rewarded, however, by the finding of the green hellebore on the chalk hills between Leatherhead and Guildford. This is a rare plant in Surrey, yet remarkably enacious of its habitat, where it reappears

with unfailing regularity. The fœtid hellebore in the neighbouring valley has been found for more than sixty years in the same wood, as the County Flora testifies. A further climb in search of early toothwort—that rare parasite figured 'in Country Life, May 1st, 1920—was so far unsuccessful. The less noteworthy plants found in bloom included the snowdrop, ivy-leafed veronica, dog's mercury, red deadnettle, gorse, shepherd's purse, hairy bittercress, and one large dandelion; while among the trees the catkins of the hazel, the alder and the black poplar were conspicuous, besides the flowers of the sallow and the yew.—E. M. Harting. HARTING.

RAFFLESIA ARNOLDI. To the Editor.

To the Editor.

Sir,—With reference to your note on "Rafflesia Arnoldi" now at Kew, it may interest you to know that I have a copy of Sir Joseph Paxton's Magazine of Botany, which describes the finding of the flower by Dr. Arnold at Pulo Lebbar, on the Manna River, on a species of vitis (and also on Cissus angustifolia), and that the original flower was preserved in spirit. Paxton's Magazine is for the year 1834. I cannot find the plant referred to in any modern book in my possession, so thought this might be of interest. Paxton also states that the "nectarium was capable of holding 1½ gallons of liquid."—Cyril Thurgood.

A CROCUS CARPET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a long terrace at Waringstown, County Down. The terrace

small billets for burning. Hornbeam when larger is used for cogs of wheels and skittles because, being of close grain, it is not liable to split." Mr. A. D. Webster writes: "Hornbeam underwood ten to twelve years old can only be used as faggotwood. It is one of the best firewoods known and, being hard, weighty and close grained, emits a great amount of heat. For skittle alleys and pins, also cogs in mill gearing and shoemakers' lasts, hornbeam timber is almost exclusively used, but that of twelve years' growth would be too small for any of these purposes. The best way is to sell the underwood as it stands, which, if fairly close on the ground, would fetch about £4 10s. per acre as prices go at present."—FD.]

SOLDIERS AT SANDOWN.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The great Soldiers' Festival at Sandown must, to the old stager, provide food for thought. The want of horsemanship is nowadays, in soldiers' races, woefully apparent. But the gallant soldier jockeys are not to blame. No doubt soldiering is a much more strenuous business now than in pre-war times. Circumstances have changed the facilities which the old time soldier was privileged to enjoy. It requires a deal of practice to acquire the art of riding over fences successfully; it is quite a different job from riding to hounds, and a curious fact is that very few men are equally good at both. The shortening of the stirrup, no doubt efficacious in flat racing, by reason of placing the weight well forward, is not adapted for steeplechasing and can only be successful with very well schooled horses, who look after



"WHEN SPRING UNLOCKS THE FLOWERS."

is covered with mauve crocuses which are just now in full bloom, looking like a mauve carpet. —M. Waring.

HORNBEAM.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Can you or any of your readers advise me as to the best mode of utilising a considerable amount of hornbeam underwood, some of which has stood from ten to twelve years. The wood is from four to five miles from a station, bordering a by-road. It is said the hornbeam is only fit for firewood, as it will not stand wet and will not split; but it is very hard to cut and, if kept dry, lasts well. I am also told that at the present rate of wages it is impossible to cut down the underwood without incurring a loss. Any advice, based

it is impossible to cut down the underwood without incurring a loss. Any advice, based on experience, will be much valued.—Ex-Volunteer.

[Mr. E. N. Buxton, who has had experience with the hornbeam in Epping Forest, writes: "I do not think that such young hornbeams as you speak of could be of any practical value to be cut down. With twelvears' growth they might be about 4ins. or less in diameter near the ground. In my opinion the hornbeam has a certain charm of its own provided it has room to develop. Therefore if they are interfering with each other I should thin them out successionally—always preserving the most promising. At present they could only serve in the form of

themselves. A man riding abnormally short cannot afford the assistance necessary to a horse that wants holding together, and to this is due the extraordinary number of falls. To sum up, there are probably just as many good men as of yore, were the military authorities able and willing to restore the old privileges.—OBSERVER.

MIMOSA IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Having read in your issue of March 4th about a mimosa tree in bloom in Hampshire, I write to say there is one in full bloom here (Somerset) at present. It is planted against the house and facing west, and is now nearly the height of the house. It was planted in autumn, 1916, and died nearly to the base and then shot up again. The variety is Acacia dealbata.—S.

STARLING'S POWER OF MIMICRY. TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—One morning last week I was surprised to hear from my bedroom window what was apparently the call of a common sandpiper, a migrant which, as a rule, does not reach Cheshire till the middle of April. Looking out, I discovered that it was a starling which had made a fool of me. There he was, gurgling and chuckling away, as if he thoroughly enjoyed the joke. The starling's powers of mimicry are well known.—Ernest Blake.

A FISHING WRINKLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Anyone who does much spinning, whether for salmon, trout or pike, knows the cutting action of the line upon the finger which presses it down to the_rod in order to



TO SAVE THE FISHERMAN'S FINGERS.

make it reel in smoothly for the next cast. In my case I have frequently gone home after a day's fishing with my fingers bleeding from cuts so caused. I have tried a leather finger stall, a piece of old cycle tube, and "hands off" the line altogether: the latter causing the most glorious tangle on the next throw. I have now found that it is possible to cast and draw in without touching the line at all with the fingers, by fitting a porcelain ring about two inches above the rod where the hand grips it. The existing ring was too far up and allowed the line to reel in slackly, thus forming loose loops which overran on the next cast. With this low ring, the line draws in on tension in exactly the same manner as when held down by means of the finger. It is a great boon to anyone whose skin is at all soft, as it obviates the necessity of touching the line at all. It is surprising how holding down the line with a gloved finger wears the plaited silk line as well as the glove. I used to keep a regular supply of finger stalls until I discovered this dodge. I find that dressed line wears and lasts longer than the undressed; the latter always has a tendency to twist and so cause kinks, even in a three-swivel cast.—CLARENCE PONTING. make it reel in smoothly for the next cast.

WATCHING A HOOPOE FAMILY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On January 22nd a family of hoopoes was discovered in a hole in a wall of an outhouse about 18ft. from the ground, and



THE INDIAN HOOPOE.

I think the accompanying photograph was well worth the time I spent in my hide watching the most interesting habits of these birds busily intent on feeding their young. My presence about eight feet away did not seem to disconcert them in the least, and it was only when they heard the noise of the shutter that they became alarmed; during the time I was in the hide the parents frequently flew to and from the nest. The method of feeding was very rapid: the birds, as soon as they alighted on the small ledge just underneath the hole, lost no time in disposing of the food, after which they would turn their heads for a moment and then fly

CTESIPHON.

TO THE EDITOR.

To THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There are few ruins in the world that are so imposing as that of the incomparable Arch of Ctesiphon, that lonely fragment of the famous palace. About half of the vaulted hall remains, but sufficient to show us that it was one of the most wonderful triumphs of architecture in any age. The span is a clear 25.8 metres, whereas the next largest brick arch is the Basilica of Maxentius. In this instance the arch only measures 23.5 metres; but the great difference is that the Roman arch was built over centring beams, whereas the



THE RUINED ARCH OF CTESIPHON.

[It is interesting to compare these pictures of the ancient ruin of Ctesiphon with that below of a modern ruin of an Australian hotel destroyed by fire. There are some two thousand two hundred years between them: yet the hotel on the Paroo River does not look so much younger than this city on the Tigris.—Ed.]

away, proceeding through the air in a slow and undulating flight. Shortly after I had concealed myself, one of the parents came with a worm in its bill, and, instead of going direct to the hole as previously, hovered just below it and by a peculiar noise attracted the other bird, apparently the mother, which was in the nest; she appeared with crest closed and looked out of the entrance, and in a few seconds flew in the same direction as the other bird, which, with the worm still in its bill, had gone into an adjoining tree. Shortly after one of the birds, with a worm, presumably the first arrival, returned to the hole, put its head inside, and again flew away, still holding the food; later both birds came near the hole; one of them, bringing food, put its head inside, and the

Mesopotamian one was constructed over empty space. This hall, it is said, was a copy of the famous palace of Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon, and may have surpassed it in splendour, for here Chosroes held his court in Oriental magnificence, lit by a thousand lamps, with the east open to the rising sun.—R. GORBOLD.

PISÉ IN AUSTRALIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I notice that in recent years interest has been aroused in England by the revived use of the old manner of building with cob, pisé de terre, and chalk and clay. As a resident of Queensland, may I point out that in this State mud or earth buildings have been in use



THE RUINS OF A MUD BUILDING IN QUEENSLAND.

feeding process continued at short intervals, as, judging from the sound emanating from the nest, their offspring wanted constant attention. After a time one of the birds, presumably the mother, returned and, after feeding her young, disappeared into the hole and remained there, the male on one occasion only bringing food. During this time the head of the female frequently appeared at the entrance, ejecting from her bill what later proved to be droppings. I waited for some time for the other bird to return, but as it did not do so I left the spot, concluding that feeding and sanitary requirements had been completed for that day.—E. L. RICHARDSON, Negapatam.

since the early days. The method has been crude, without coating after setting, but his been very successful, and there are numerous examples of pastoral homes of a fairly large size built with such local material. I send you a rather remarkable photograph I took some time ago. It shows the ruins of the old Royal Hotel at Eulo on the Paroo River—600 miles west of Brisbane. This building, which had about twelve rooms and was roofed with galvanised iron, was built of mud taken from the banks of the river. It was burnt down in 1903, and, though all the timber was consumed, the walls have defied for years the heavy rains and intense heat.—The Editor, Australian Pastoralist, Grazing Farmers' and Selectors' Gazette.

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CALCUTTA THE

oR the third time in four weeks the King watched a game of Rugby football at Twickenham, and the fight for the Calcutta Cup was indeed a dainty dish to set before a king. Whatever may have happened before in the other International matches, this is the match of the season for players and spectators alike. Last Saturday the game was full of excitement and was remarkable for the extraordinary changes in the fortunes of the two sides during its progress.

of excitement and was remarkable for the extraordinary changes in the fortunes of the two sides during its progress.

During the first half of the match there was only one team in the picture; at every point of the game—except at half-back—Scotland outplayed their opponents and made them look very poor class for a representative side. The numerous Scotsmen in the huge crowd were wild with excitement and showed quite clearly that they had little doubt as to the result:

Scotsmen in the huge crowd were wild with excitement and showed quite clearly that they had little doubt as to the result: England's supporters pulled long faces and thought themselves lucky to be only five points behind on the run of the play.

Then a wonderful change came over the scene. It was not that the Scotsmen "slowly and silently faded away" or seemed to be playing worse, but that the play of the English team improved out of all knowledge. The lighter English pack began to get the ball and to give their half-backs a chance of opening up the game, the halves played better and better—though they had been good all through—the three-quarters began to hold their passes and run as if they meant to do something, while the Scottish spectators became dour and tongue-tied. First came a try in the corner by Lowe after twenty minutes' play. The kick was too difficult for Conway, so Ingland were still behind. Then, five minutes later, a fine run by Myers led up to another try by Lowe, and this time a goal resulted, which gave England a three points lead. Followed a ding-dong struggle, with England always holding the measure of their opponents. At last, just before the end, a fine individual effort by Davies put an end to all doubt and England had won once more. I never remember seeing an English team play so badly as they did afterwards. Eventerne will suppose

once more. I never remember seeing an English team play so badly as they did during the first forty minutes, or rise to the occasion so successfully as they did afterwards. Everyone will sympathise with Scotland in being obliged to take the field without their two best wing three-quarters and in being beaten after putting up such a gallart fight in spite of this handicap.

To consider the losers first, they struck one as a team with great possibilities and perhaps with a great future before them, for many of them were quite young. At full-back Forsayth gave a finished display; his kicking was admirable and he made no mistakes in his fielding of the ball and tackling. Of the three-quarters, Macpherson was easily the best—indeed, he was the best three-quarter on the field. He took passes cleanly at any angle, he was in his stride like a flash and invariably made ground whenever the ball came his way; he is the most promising centre now playing. Gracie was well marked by Smallwood, but he played a sound game. Mackay was the

better of the two wings and showed himself a resolute runner with a sound knowledge of the game. As a line the Scottish three-quarters acquitted themselves admirably.

In spite of being opposed to Davies and Kershaw, the Scottish half-backs came out of the match with much credit. There was an excellent understanding between them. While his forwards were getting the ball, Bryce got it away quickly and accurately, and Dykes opened up the game and got his line in action in a way that proved that the great reputation he brought with him to be fully justified. The veteran, Usher, led the forwards in grand style and was backed up splendidly by Maxwell and Bertram. Altogether, the Scottish fifteen was quite up to the high standard of the past.

On the other side there were some notable successes and

was quite up to the high standard of the past.

On the other side there were some notable successes and some equally conspicuous failures. The match was a personal triumph for W. J. A. Davies; last Saturday was his eighteenth appearance in the English team, and in all this time he has only once played a losing game—against South Africa in 1913. If it be true that he has played his last match for England, he can look back on the Scottish match of 1922 as one of his greatest. I have never seen him more brilliant in the open, and his final try set a crown on a career that is unique in the annals of Rugby football. Much of 'avies' success was due to the unselfishness and brilliance of his partner, Kershaw, who once again proved himself the greatest scrum-worker who has ever represented this country. While he was playing behind beaten forwards Kershaw had a tremendous gruelling, but his defence never failed, and, when his time came, he took ample revenge and flashed the ball out to Davies in a way that must have been heart-breaking to his vis-a-vis.

never failed, and, when his time came, he took ample and flashed the ball out to Davies in a way that must have been heart-breaking to his vis-a-vis.

Like the rest of his colleagues, Lowe was scarcely himself during the first half of the game, but, afterwards, he made ample amends; there was no hesitation in his dashes for the line, and throughout the game his defence was a model of what this phase of play should be. Smallwood began badly—I prefer him on the wing—but improved, while Myers played a fine game all through; he was only second to Macpherson. Pitman was a bad failure and showed that he is a runner only and not a player of Rugby football; he missed his man every time, and, however fine a try getter he may be, the inclusion of anyone with so weak a defence in the English team was unjustifiable. Middleton also failed; he got in one or two kicks, but fielded the ball execrably and could not find touch. Of the forwards, Wakefield was once again in his best form, and Conway and Maxwell-Hyslop were also very good. Much praise is due to the English forwards, who, though overweighted, held their opponents in no uncertain way during the last half hour of the game. It was a grand match and one that will live in the memories of all who were fortunate enough to see it.

Leonard R. Tosswill.

PROGRESS SETTLEMENT LAND OF

AND Settlement for ex-Service men was dealt with in a very reasonable spirit by the Geddes Committee, and the Ministry of Agriculture has now notified County Councils of the changes they must make in the direction of increased economy. The total capital fund of twenty millions for the acquisition of land and the provision of cottages and farm buildings is to be limited during the period ending March, 1923, to seventeen millions, when the state of the waiting list of applicants, as it is then, will be considered. The whole difficulty of Land Settlement has been the high average of annual loss incurred by the State on the small holdings created for the ex-soldier. This is due to the fact that the State has been borrowing on a 6 per cent, basis, but buying land on the basis of twenty-five years' purchase, which means 4 per cent., and the difference of 2 per cent per annum has to come out of the taxpayer's pocket. Moreover, the cost of the new building done is not represented by increased rents, and means, largely, unremunerative sinking of capital. As land and money are both growing cheaper this difference of 2 per cent. tends to grow less, and the cost of building drops steadily.

The Government therefore naturally expects the County Councils to settle the residue of the applicants at a far cheaper rate. This cannot be done in dairying districts where the price of land keeps up and considerable building must be done to make it ready for the small-holder, but in districts where the market garden holding is in demand, land settlement will still be a feasible proposition. The provision of small holdings is, however, moving slowly in the direction of being self-supporting, and it is worth while to examine the latest official figures as to its progress. They represent the action of the Department since the Armistice, or to be more accurate, since the Land Settlement Act was passed in the summer of 1919—the work of two and a half years. Settlement Act was passed in the summer of 1919—the work of two and a half years.

The total number of ex-Service men who applied to the Ministry or to County Councils for a small holding up to

December 1st, 1920, when the door of entry was closed, was 50,919 in England and Wales (Scottish land settlement is administered from Edinburgh and is excluded from this review), and 23,354 men were either rejected as unsuitable, or themselves withdrew their applications. The number actually settled on the land is 17,326, but of these about 1,600 are civilians who had some special claim to be considered, such as the fathers of sons killed in the war who would have been entitled to a holding if they had survived. The total ex-Service men settled, therefore, number about 15,700, no mean total, and there have been acquired for them very little short of 280,000 acres. The dimension of the task may be realised if this is expressed in terms of square miles—437—which is bigger than the administrative County of Cambridgeshire.

There is a vast variation between the achievement of different

There is a vast variation between the achievement of different counties, and for a good many reasons. Some districts are peculiarly suitable, others almost wholly unfitted for small holdings. Somewhere about half the statutory small-holders are between the Wash and the Thames. The Isle of Ely is one of the smaller administrative counties, but boasts the biggest figures. Up to December 1st, 1920, 2,356 men applied, 484 were rejected, 304 were approved and still waiting, but 1,398 have been settled, a noble total. Cambridgeshire, already first in the total number of its small holdings, has done well. It had 1,449 applicants, of whom 1,226 are settled and only a handful, 54, still to be provided for. It is fair to say, however, in justice to other counties, that in these two it is easier to settle men than anywhere else. Applicants are satisfied with very few acres of the rich land available and few houses have to be built on the holdings, as the men live in the villages, bicycle to their holdings and do not There is a vast variation between the achievement of different as the men live in the villages, bicycle to their holdings and do not keep stock. Ely has built only eleven and Cambridge only twelve houses on the whole of their great estates since the Armistice. It is very different in the West of England and even near by, in Essex.

w w present of the state of the

Of 1,837 men who applied in Essex only 256 have been settled and 223 approved men await holdings; but the County Council has built 88 houses already and more are in progress. They have been particularly solicitous for the disabled men trained at the cost of the Government, and have more than one large group of cottage holdings for this peculiarly deserving

class.

Somersetshire had 1,963 applicants and has settled 685.
Out of 1,814 in Gloucestershire 716 have been provided, a very good performance. Kent has been slow, for 1,682 applied, but an unusually large proportion were rejected, and though only 125 have been settled, only 122 remain.

Some counties with far fewer applicants have been obliged to embark on big building programmes in order to get men on to the land. Staffordshire and Surrey have each completed nearly 140 cottages. The West Riding and Shropshire have 68 and 77 to their credit.

on to the land. Staffordshire and Surrey have each completed nearly 140 cottages. The West Riding and Shropshire have 68 and 77 to their credit.

Over and above all these new cottages—and 1,538 in all have been completed out of 2,655 which are in the Councils' programmes, close on a million pounds is in course of being spent on adapting old farm buildings, dividing houses and the like, so as to fit existing premises for the needs of small-holders. Another million has to be employed in the same way during the next twelve or fifteen months, the settlers carrying on as well as they can in the interval with buildings very imperfectly. well as they can in the interval with buildings very imperfectly arranged for their requirements. The County Councils, however, are pressing forward with the work as fast as they can. Even where a farmhouse can be divided into two or three smaller dwellings it often happens that the old farm buildings are unsuitable or too ruinous, and new have to be provided. In dairying

counties like Cheshire this is especially the case. Staffordshire has built 124 brand new sets of buildings.

Up to the present the Ministry of Agriculture has approved plans for building work on small holdings to the sum of £3,656,000, and there is another million and a half still to be considered and approved.

The figures for Wales are interesting. Anglesey has done best with 184 men settled, and Montgomery follows with 158. Carnarvon, on the other hand, had 223 applicants, approved 90, but has only settled 22.

Of the men in England and Wales who applied in good time, 9,413 have been approved and not yet settled, and that is the measure of the task still to be accomplished. But the figure must not be taken too seriously. The catastrophic fall in the value of agricultural produce coupled with the sad results which last year's drought brought to so many of the new settlers has taken the edge off the land hunger which was so marked during 1919 and 1920. Many an approved applicant, when informed that a holding is equipped and ready for him to take, thinks better of the venture and prefers to remain in a farmer's employ.

Behind those ex-Service men who have a claim on the country under the terms of the Land Settlement Act there remain many thousands of civilians, a proportion of them applicants for small holdings since before the war, and some means will have to be devised to meet their demands sooner or later. The nation cannot perpetuate a land settlement policy at the price it is costing to fulfil the pledge to ex-Service men, but when finance becomes easier statesmen will have to bestir themselves and find some way of meeting the demand of the would-be Of the men in England and Wales who applied in good time,

selves and find some way of meeting the demand of the would-be small-holder, even if it costs the nation something to do it.

THE EDITOR'S **BOOKSHELF** FROM

Dead Reckoning, by Eric Leadbitter. (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.)

THE tragedy of temperament of worthy, well meaning, individually pleasant people whose wholesome characters, held too closely together by the links of family life, distil a poison from each other, is the theme of Mr. Leadbitter's book. He develops it without a hint of melodrama; everything that happens is within the compass of ordinary everyday life, and yet the tragedy is there all the while, growing slowly but surely more threatening, and old Captain Inglis's "Good-night, my lass," and the contraction of misery which sends Marian's hands to her throat are the trifles upon which the curtain comes down, pointing the pathos and despair of the final scene. Mr. Leadbitter has been almost meticulous in keeping his characters and their actions commonplace. Save for the fact that Marian is the child of an unequal marriage—not a very remarkable circumstance—everything is studiously ordinary. Old Captain Inglis is no more "set in his ways" than any other worthy, old, retired seaman of the Mercantile Marine. Ivan, the artist whom his only child, Marian, marries, is no more irresponsible and irritating than many another man whose faults do not lead him to catastrophe; and Marian herself truly loves both father and husband, and has a womanly patience and sweetness which might, you would fancy, save her from disaster. Yet between them all, with an irritation here and an obligation there, the tragedy of a home destroyed is brought about. Mr. Leadbitter has succeeded wonderfully in making such a story interesting and convincing. He has a sure hold on the reader's sympathy within the narrow limits he has imposed upon himself. Probably his book will not receive the attention which it deserves, for the general reader, naturally, does not appreciate the difficulties of such a task as Mr. Leadbitter has set himself and must judge a book by the pleasure which he can take in it and not by the author's cleverness in dealing with his own self-made difficulties. Dead Reckoning, by Eric Leadbitter. (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.)

The Kingfisher, by Phyllis Bottome. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)
MISS BOTTOME'S previous book, "Servants of Reality," was so good that The Kingfisher was inevitably opened with the highest hopes of enjoyment, which may account, in part at least, for the fact that it was found somewhat disappointing. The beginning of the book, with its description of Jim's home life in the slum district of a factory town and the circumstances by which he became the murderer of his own dissolute father, strikes a note from which a fine theme might have been developed, and the chapters dealing with Jim's life as a barge boy are Miss Bottome at her best. It was later, when, having inherited a little money from a broad-minded, warm-hearted, wistful, half-failure of a parson who had always befriended him, Jim goes to Cambridge, and later still, when he becomes the pastor of a new sect in dockland and the leader of a dockers' strike and falls in love with a malignant shipowner's charming and rather unnatural daughter, that I began to find the book a little tiresome. The fault lies either at Miss Bottome's door or at mine, and she has never been known to be tiresome before; yet I found parts of the book distinctly charming, so that it scarcely seems that it can lie wholly at mine. I remain in doubt.

S.

The Day of Small Things, by Mrs. Evan Nepean. (Bale, Sons and

Danielsson, 8s. 6d.)

IN The Day of Small Things we have a book with an appeal as wide as any a book could have, for it demands only that we should have been young and have loved the beautiful places and beautiful things of the earth. From a middle age to which she cheerfully confesses, the authoress looks back to the days—earlier in her life than in most—when the child discovers to its enormous exhilaration, the wonderful things there are in nature and art for it to revel in during a life which at that age seems so immeasurably and gorgeously long. Her first thrilling realisations of the joys of hunting, of gardens, of the meadows, of pictures, of the exquisite rich tones of old furniture, of the passionate love she was to feel for trees, all these ecstasies, and the manner of them, she recaptures for us and weaves delicately into a story which, though as she says herself, it is no story at all, is nevertheless vivid, spirited and

filled with the charm that arises from a genuine gift of suggestion. Wistful, too, one must certainly call it, for this picture of a little girl is overcast by the shadow of sorrows which the grown woman knows now were to come; and the spirit of the book will be best conveyed by the use of the word "wistful," which might so easily have had to be "bitter."

His Grace Gives Notice, by Lady Troubridge. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) THE sophisticated novel reader would not expect to find much pleasure in the story of a Canadian ex-soldier who became a footman, turned out to be a duke and married his master's daughter, but Lady Troubridge has succeeded in making her story something so different from what out to be a duke and married his master's daughter, but Lady Troubridge has succeeded in making her story something so different from what one might expect that even the sophisticated reader may order it from the library with reasonable hope of entertainment. All the personalities and happenings proper to such a story are there, so freshly described and with such a keen enjoyment that George the footman, scorned by his employer's lovely daughter, wins one's sympathy, and the footman-Duke of St. Bevis develops into quite a romantically attractive figure. The last chapters, when the girl he loves elopes with a rascal, and George, disguised as the rascal's valet, rescues her in the nick of time, will be the least attractive to anyone who prefers the interest of the development of character to that of the thrilling dénouement.

Life and Work of Edwin Austin Abbey, R.A., by E. V. Lucas. Two volumes, (Methuen and Scribner, £5 5s.)

Two volumes, (Methuen and Scribner, £5 5s.)

THIS sumptuous récolte of her husband's toil that Mrs. Abbey has commissioned Mr. Lucas to garner contains much good grain, many pretty flowers, and a suitable proportion of chaff. Practically all Abbey's important work is here reproduced in photogravure or line, and a great number of letters, written by and to him, enable us to see how he took his work and how it was received by the world at large. Born in 1852 in Philadelphia, Abbey first came to England in 1878, ostensibly in order to get local colour for his illustrations of Shakespeare and Herrick appearing in Harper's Magazine. In reality, however, he had been fired, by an exhibition of English works of art at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, with a passion for England that never left him until his death, with all the honours of an English Royal Academician, in 1911. From the time when he wrote enraptured letters from the Washington Irving parlour in the Red Horse Inn at Stratford-on-Avon, it was evident that the England of Randolph Caldecott had made him he own. But a man of his insight and poetic feeling did not stop there. The pre-Raphaelite movement was then approaching its climax, breathing the spirit of passionate mediavalism. Caught by this fervour, Abbey began to see more than Caldecottish quaintness in the "Old Country." His imagination presently became possessed with the magic of the Middle Ages, so that when, in 1890, he got his first big commission—the decoration of the Delivery Room of McKim's Library at Boston with an 180ft. frieze—it was the Graal legend that he chose for his subject. A visit to Italy to study the great frescoes somewhat modified his pre-Raphaelitism, but seems to have given him that love of gorgeous colouring by which his later work is distinguished, whatever the manner of its composition. E. A. Abbey will long remain as a master of subject painting; most of it is historical, but is imbued with such a vividness, the detail so carefully drawn yet the paint applied with such vig

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NOTES SHOOTING

By MAX BAKER.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE FIELD-GLASS ENTHUSIAST.

AIS season should provide more than the ordinary crop of instances of partridges resorting to curious places for the purpose of breeding. Last year very big coveys were produced in areas not regarded as shooting territory, and even if a certain number of casualties were sustained, a large proportion of the parent birds would escape. These, following the custom of their kind, would drive the young ones away to find fresh quarters, the pressure of remarkable numbers unthinned by any particular severity of winter accounting for the many strange selections likely to be made. Doubtless keen observation on the outskirts of towns will in the coming weeks supply a variety of examples. severity of winter accounting for the many strange selections likely to be made. Doubtless keen observation on the outskirts of towns will in the coming weeks supply a variety of examples. One such has already come to my notice. On a field adjoining the Croydon Aerodrome my eye happened to fall on a brown lump not a dozen yards from the roadside, so uncommonly suggestive of a partridge that I paused to make sure, and it proved to be a Frenchman. Not only was its mate a few feet away, but another pair could be seen just beyond—a goodly stock for an expanse of market garden bounded on one side by a busy tram route, on another by a railway, on the third by a cross-road, and on the fourth by a vista of factories called into being by the war. An eye trained to note the presence of game will of course, detect it in many places where ordinary passers-by secnothing; but, nevertheless and notwithstanding, this particular example is worth noting even if it does no more than encourage a vearch for similar happenings. Present indications are favourable to an early growth in the hedge bottoms, this being at the moment the most important factor in the future well-being of the really remarkable stock of birds which is everywhere in evidence.

A. CARTRIDGE ACCIDENT WHICH OUGHT NOT TO HAVE

A CARTRIDGE ACCIDENT WHICH OUGHT NOT TO HAVE HAPPENED.

The terrible accident which has occurred in the breaking up of waste military cartridges is one of a series which was foreseen by me as a direct and inevitable consequence of the immense surplus occasioned by the war. From the time of my earliest association with explosives my duty has been to wade through the pages of periodic reports issued by the Home Office inspectors duty reciting the dangers of unmaking cartridges. Breaking up is technically an explosives manufacturing operation which can only legally be conducted in a licensed factory. In strict letter the sportsman who cuts open a sporting cartridge to examine its contents is breaking the law, but he is saved by the principle de minimis non curat lex. Though the law may not take cognisance of small things, the dividing line is not always obvious in this case. One of the worst accidents on record took place on the premises of a gunmaker at Darlington. His assistants, following the usual novice method, did not preserve a proper distance between the bowl into which the powder was being emptied and the larger accumulation gradually being built up, and they entirely disregarded the stock of intact ammunition. My own practice is to burn the recovered smokeless powder or drown the black at frequent intervals, conducting the manual work in an isolated shed. Even then I send any considerable quantity of waste ammunition to one of the factories. The terrible accident which has occurred in the breaking up

THE TRAP-SHOOTING PHŒNIX.

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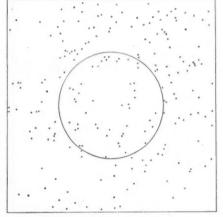
I attended the very fruitful meeting which inaugurated the new Trap-shooters' Association. An organising committee was formed to decide its constitution and report to a future meeting at which the usual executive offices will be filled. The great subject of debate was the advisability or otherwise of bringing the shooting rules into line with what may be termed international conditions. These, in essence, limit the shooting to one barrel per bird, incidentally permitting the cartridge to be loaded with 1½ oz. of shot in place of the British 1½ oz. maximum. The argument against increasing the shot charge was that it would debar the large and increasing number of shooters who in country districts usetheir ordinary guns and would object to buying a special gun of the pigeon type, this apart from the extra cost of "pigeon" cartridges. Personally, I do not think that the ½ oz. difference between the two loads counts for very much in shooting efficiency, and there were many others at the meeting of the same opinion. But I do hold very strongly that one cartridge, and not two, is the proper number to fire at a going-away clay bird. With practice a higher percentage of kills than is at present attained should result from concentrating on the one cartridge at its most deadly range. The second barrel chance at about 50yds. range is anyhow a gamble, and liable to hamper the good timing of the first. If this reform were brought into being the cost of the sport would be materially reduced and many guns at present unsuitable would become qualified by virtue of one close-shooting barrel. This change having been made, the other might be optional, since non-ejector single-barrel guns of trap-shooting weight could be improved by cultivating the single-barrel habit, for it would implant the gift of making

the first barrel tell. Nobel Industries would do well to put their the first barrel tell. Nobel Industries would do well to put their costing department to work upon analysing the price difference between game and pigeon cartridges. The case has 3-16in. more tube, the amount usually removed in the trimming; while the extra powder is 1lb. per 1,400 cartridges and the extra shot 1lb. per 128 cartridges—surely an insufficient justification for about 25 per cent. extra charge.

WHAT IS A CART-WHEEL PATTERN?

My first introduction to a cart-wheel pattern was associated with a mild form of adventure which might have produced unpleasant consequences for myself, and did, in fact, produce them for my companion in the risk which we jointly shared. The incident occurred in the year 1894, during a visit which I paid to the works on Trimley Marshes, near Felisstowe, of the War and Sporting Smokeless Powder Company. At the time they were engaged in introducing Cannonite powder, the progenitor of Smokeless Diamond. The demonstration which had been arranged for my benefit included the firing of a series of rounds for pattern. Shot by shot everything went well till suddenly arranged for my benefit included the firing of a series of rounds for pattern. Shot by shot everything went well, till suddenly a most disgracefully scattered pattern made its appearance. Lord Raglan, who was a director of the company and had charge of the experiments, explained that these abnormal results turned or the experiments, explained that these abhormal results turned up periodically—and almost invariably when a first-class series was especially in demand—and that nobody could explain them. I had never heard of them, for the reason, which I learned later, that the trade custom was to expunge them from any records due to be reported to the customer. Anyhow, another turned

up a few rounds
later, whereupon Lord
Raglan complained of
having been struck in the leg by a stray pellet. His pellet. His thigh proved to have been penc-trated not by one pellet, but by a close little group totalling the unlucky number thir-teen, so inciteen, so inci-dentally adding impromptu penetration test to the items on



an impromptu penetration test to the items on the programme. After white washing the target we had moved to a point some dozen yards to the side: I, as a matter of fact, having on this occasion been at least a couple of yards nearer the line of fire than the victim of our joint act of foolishness. The gun was fired from a rest; on the target was a cart-wheel pattern, yet the widely diverging pellets had made a close 6in. group. Presumably the pellets so striking had travelled most of the way adhering to a wad; but whether the occurrence was a pure coincidence or is the cause which conduces to these abnormally scattered patterns I have never been able to discover. Subsequent experience has shown that this phenomenon arises on the average about once in every ten shots, and that it occurs equally with choke and cylinder boring. The more scattered of the two patterns which were illustrated in the issue of January 7th last was presumably a cart-wheel pattern at near range, where the extra spread is of undoubted benefit. There is probably no department of sporting gunnery to which more time, thought and attention have been devoted than to the mysterious influences which decide the mode of flight of a charge of shot. Though choke was invented about half a century ago, conjecture alone accounts for its action. A pellet of lead projected by means of a catapult or smooth-bore air-gun flies much truer than the component items in a charge of shot, including even buckshot, running nine to the ounce. The explanation having most weight of evidence behind it assumes that the scattering effect is due to the charge of shot being bombarded by the overtaking blast of gas just after it has left the muzzle; but this explanation seems to defy radical proof. In the case of cart-wheel patterns the wadding presumably acts as face to the battering-ram, but glides off sideways or fails to overtake on normal occasions. I once made some very delicate measurements of recoil, the object of which was to separate mathematically the velocity of

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THE ESTATE MARKET

FORESTS MANSIONS AND **DEER**

EST WYCOMBE PARK, the seat of Sir John Lindsay Dash-wood, Bart., was an old posses-sion of the See of Winchester until its surrender to Edward VI, until its surrender to Edward VI, by whom it was given to the Protector Somerset. This apparently simple classic structure has seen many changes since the days when it was a brick three-storeyed house, surrounded by other buildings, which have apparently given place to the present park. An illustrated article descriptive of the mansion was published in COUNTRY LIFE in 1916 (Vol. xxxix, pages 16 and 48). In that article the considerable share of Robert Adam in, at least, the inspiration of the architecture is traced by Mr. Arthur T. Bolton. "Vitruvius Britannicus" (Vol. v), in 1771, gave the plan and elevation of the house as altered.

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Britannicus" (Vol. v), in 1771, gave the plan and elevation of the house as altered.

In the grounds are features which at first sight seem to be Adam work, but they could hardly have been carried out under the direction of the master. This is, in a way, confirmed by a correspondent of the Gentlemen's Magazine of 1821, who attributed the temple on the island in the lake to Nicholas Revett. Daphne's temple and the Lodge are structures of Early Georgian type, such as Gibbs or Burlington would have built.

The name of the actual architect of West Wycombe is generally stated as Donowel, but nothing is known of him. The dining-room at West Wycombe is a noble room, distinguished for its marble mantelpiece with the story of Androcles and the Lion sculptured in high relief. The walls are hung with silk and the cornice enriched with gold, while the dado is of dark walnut relieved by the white and sienna marbles of the door casings and mantelpiece. Elegant plasterwork is seen in the house, and the library is a stately apartment.

Sir John Dashwood has directed Messrs. Giddy and Giddy to dispose of West Wycombe Park, with a few hundreds of acres on the Chiltern Hills, and a lease of the sporting rights over the whole estate of 5,000 acres can be arranged for. The property with its noble old mansion was for centuries the seat of the Lords Le Despencer and other ancestors of the present vendor.

present vendor

SUTTON COURTENAY MANOR HOUSE.

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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HARRY LINDSAY, O.B.E., has placed the Manor House, Sutton Courtenay, near Abingdon, in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for disposal. The Guest House will be included in the sale. In "Magna Britannia" Lysons recalls that it belonged, at an early period, to the Abbot and Convent of Abingdon. Henry II gave it to Reginald Courtenay, ancestor of the Earls of Devon and Viscount Courtenay. By forfeiture and royal grants the manor passed through many hands, until it became the property of the late Lord Wantage, from whom it passed to its present owner. The house (which was illustrated and described in Country Life, Vol. XV, page 198), has three wings enclosing a paved courtyard. The walls of the oak-raftered hall have oak panelling and tapestry. From the hall is a carved oak staircase. The dining-room, oak panelled, has a wooden fireplace, over which a curious Dutch landscape is let in. The drawing-room has oak panels, surmounted by old Italian green broccatello.

The old Norman hall has been much atello

The old Norman hall has been much changed since, in his book on "Domestic Architecture," Mr. Hudson-Turner wrote of it. Probably, as he suggested, the building was the original manor house. Nearly twenty years ago the early sixteenth century internal work was removed, revealing the fine old lofty hall, solid, but much damaged. Seven lancet windows and two doors are now seen there, and the bold oak of the roof again given prominence. The grounds by the Thames—there at its best and quietest, with wide, winding reaches fringed by willows and rushes—are the fitting environment of a house sugges—are the fitting environment of a house sugges—are the fitting environment of a house sugges— —are the fitting environment of a house suggestive, in every line, of ancient peace. Sutton Courtenay is an especial delight to bird lovers, for there is a sanctuary on the estate.

DEER FORESTS TO BE LET.

BLACKMOUNT, Argyllshire, 80,000 acres, is to be let by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for the season, as well as Reay Forest, These are two of the best deer forests in Scotland. The former is to be sub-let by the Earl

of Durham, the owner being the Marquess of Breadalbane. The latter belongs to the Duke of Westminster.

The greater part of Reay Forest (including the Lodge at Lochmore and certain loch fishing), to be let, includes the Peats, Kinloch-Lone, Altanrynie, Back of Lochmore, Arhle and Ben Stack, and Drearie, altogether 50,000 acres. Scottish estates to be offered by the same firm during the season, include Dunmaglass, 13,855 acres; Slains Castle, 7,200 acres; Glenfinart, 6,455 acres; Crawfordtown, 3,940 acres; Holylee with Priesthope, 3,588 acres; and North Berwick, 2,500 acres.

Marham House, between Swaffham and Downham Market, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Chas. Hawkins and Sons, at an early date, with 192 acres. Marshwood Manor, Dorset, also for sale, is a small, comfortable house, with modern cottages, farm buildings, and 106 acres, chiefly pasture. The freehold, Oakfield, near Chester, is to be offered on April 22nd. The house, in the Tudor style, stands high, and there are 34 acres.

Cassiobury Park auction of the antique English and French furniture, pictures and plate, will take ten days, beginning on June 12th. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Humbert and Flint are the auctioneers appointed by the Earl and Dowager Countess of Essex, and the sale will be held at Watford.

COTSWOLD AND OTHER SALES.

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THE Cotswold village of Daglingworth is practically all included in the sale of Daglingworth Manor, near Cirencester, by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, to a client of Messrs. Rylands and Co. In the reign of Henry II Daglingworth belonged to one Ralph Bloet. The Manor House is on the site of an unnery founded in the twelfth century, and parts of the ancient building are incorporated in the manor house. There is a Norman arch in the garden-room and a Gothic arch in the porch, and an ancient dovecote with original ladder. The manor retains its character, although fitted for modern use. The land, 1,000 acres, includes the famous fox covert, Hinton Gorse.

Beauworth Manor, Hants, a delightful old house and about 370 acres, belonging to Mr. Reginald Wickham Prentice, has been sold, for £11,750, by Messrs. Gudgeon and Sons and Mr. Frank Stubbs. Beauworth lies between Alresford and the Meon Valley, seven miles from Winchester in a first-rate sporting country. Messrs. Harding and Harding have sold East Field, near Andover. Messrs. Dibblin and Smith, acting for Captain Beamish, have purchased from Major Bayley, Chelworth, Chelwood Gate, in the centre of Ashdown Forest, a modern residence and 100 acres. Messrs. Alex. H. Turner were associated.

A house in Campden House Court, Kensington, and one in Stanhope Place, Hyde Park, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Hampton and Sons next Tuesday at St. James's Square. Close to Ken Wood, at Hampstead Heath, is East Weald, an exceptionally fine modern house with three acres, for sale by Messrs. Prickett and Ellis, with possession. It was designed in 1910 by Messrs. Ashley and Winter Newman, and has an elevation in narrow bricks with embosed leaden dressings. Residences in Woodbridge, known as Tempe, with 11 acres, Bracknell and Cooper's Hill House and 8½ acres, are to be sold by Messrs. Harrods shortly, as well as houses in Kensington Court and elsewhere. The Brompton Road firm has sold Pound Hill, Framfield,

CHANDOS HOUSE AUCTION DATE.

WHEN Chandos House is offered by auction on May 3rd, Messrs. Curtis and Henson will submit Windleshaw, Withyham, a modern residence in stone, with nine acres. The firm has recently sold a number of properties in Ashdown Forest, mostly of considerable size. This being a comparatively small property, a

ready purchaser should be found. It is within easy access of Ashdown Forest Golf Links, between Forest Row and Groombridge.

Birchetts, Speldhurst, three miles from Tunbridge Wells, is for sale with 18 acres. It has water and electricity from the town. Properies in Essex have been selling rather better of ite. Oaklands, Braintree, offered by Messrs. Cu tis and Henson, with the park of 72 acres, has been for many years the residence of Sir Charles Locock, Bart.

An original Tudor small house at Great Horkesley, is to come under the hammer of Mr. F. S. Daniell at Colchester on April 8th on behalf of the late Major Rennell Percy Smith's executors.

ST. AUDRIES TO LET.

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LORD ST. AUDRIES (the great-grandson of Sir Peregrine Acland of Fairfield, who bought the manor of St. Audries, near Mineherd in the year 1836) is the present owner of St. Audries. The mansion is to be let furnished, with the deer park of 50 acres with its red and fallow deer, through Messrs. Wainwrights and Heard. The mansion incorporates the old Tudor manor house. The principal front is entered through a tower which has a fine staircase and central oriel window. The hall is 52ft. long, half that width, and 40ft. high, with an open oak roof and minstrels' gallery. The windows exhibit the emblazoned arms of owners of Fairfield since the reign of Henry III. The arches on either side of the hall chimney-piece rest on marble columns. There are at St. Audries portraits of Palmers, Wroths, and Aclands, also of great seamen, including Lord Hood, Lord Bridport and Sir Samuel Hood, and flags captured by the last named in the Baltic, and by Captain Hood, Sir Alexander Acland Hood's grandfather, at Brest. Orders, medals and swords of honour recall distinguished services, and there are old armour and weapons, and trophies of the chase. The books and manuscripts at St. Audries are of importance, and there is a collection of prehistoric spearheads and other remains, unearthed when the estate was drained. The scenery is typical of the Quantocks.

SHRUBLAND PARK, IPSWICH.

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SIR ROBERT LYTTON, of Knebworth, not the Sir Robert Lytton mentioned last week in connection with the proposed letting of Knebworth House, had a grand-daughter, Helen Lyttle, whose marriage took Shrubland Park, Ipswich, to Edward Bacon, third son of the Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon. The original house exists at some distance from the present hall and it is dated 1637 and bears the initials "N.B.," so that it was probably built in the later days of the tenure of the estate by the Bacons. It remained in the Bacon family for four generations, and was sold in 1795 to William Middleton of Crowfield. He was created a baronet in 1804 and prefixed the name of Fowle to his surname. Sir William Fowle-Middleton's daughter married Sir Philip Broke, who commanded the Shannon in the famous action against the Chesapeake in 1813.

The Gipping, a small, deep, navigable stream, runs from Stowmarket to Ipswich, originally Gippingswich, forming, in front of Shrubland Park a typical alluvial valley such as Constable loved to paint. The Italian hou e and the garden architecture of Sir Charles Barry, had there full scope for display. Shruland is a correct example of the late Italian Palladian style, seated in exquisite ground. The Upper Temple and the Lower Temple, especially the former, are admirable specimens of garden adornment.

We have mentioned these facts about Shrubland Park—and many more with splendid illustrations will be found in Country Little (Vol., x., page 560)—because Crowfield, which forms the northern part of the property, is about to come into the market. Crowfield lies in a noted farming area, three miles from Needham Market and seven from Ipswich. It comprises 2,000 acres, cut up into ten farms, having good houses and buildings, and all but two with vacant possession. The land is of a deep staple, tile-drained, in thoroughly good condition. Some 2,300 acres will come under the hammer of Messrs. Bidwell and Sons early in May at Ipswich by order of Lady de Saumarez.